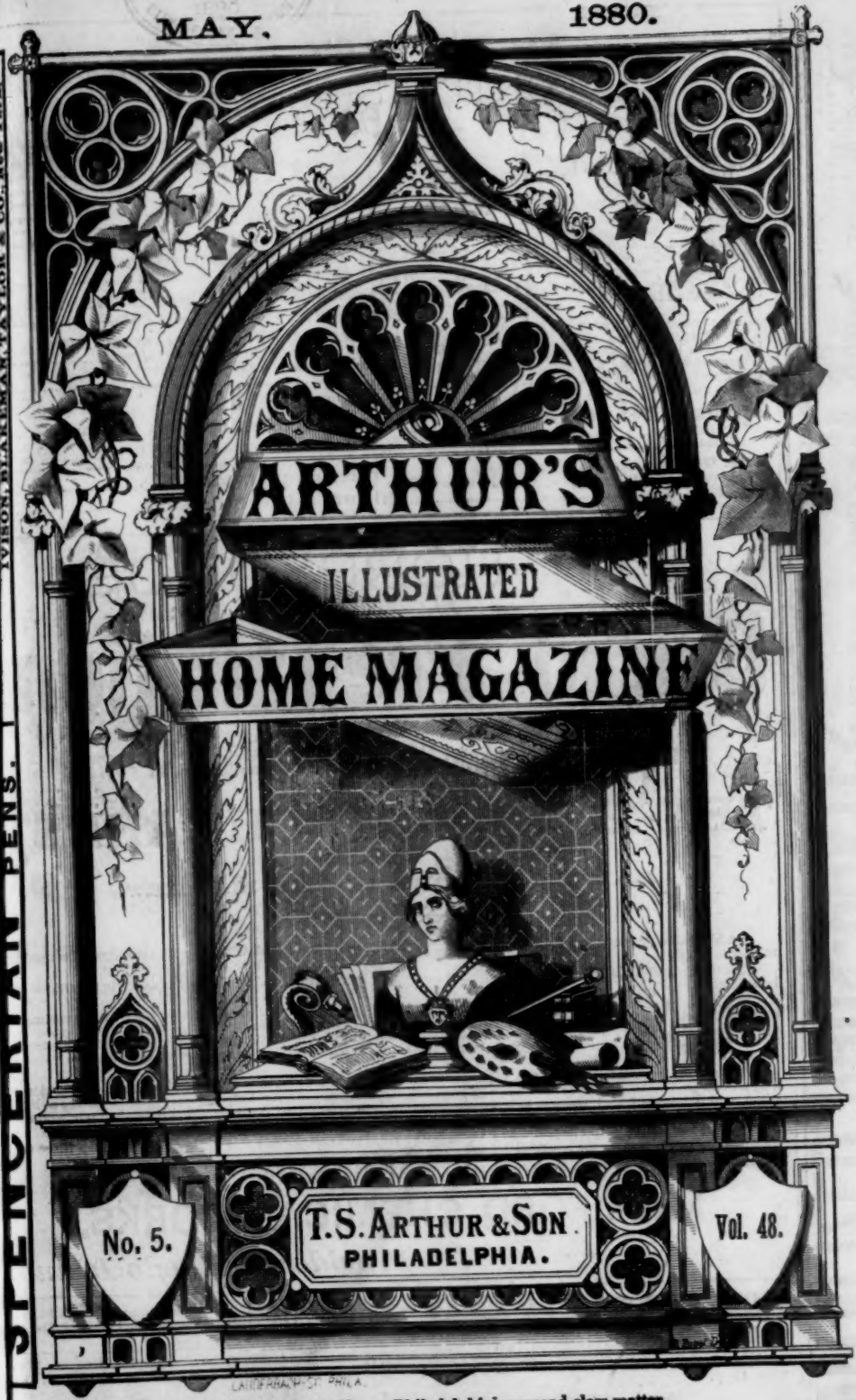


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MAY.

1880.

SPENCERIAN PENS.



ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 5.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON.  
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. 48.

Entered at the Post-office at Philadelphia as second-class matter.

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"THE CHILDREN CROWDED AROUND HIM, CLAMBERING OVER HIS KNEES."—Page 271.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

MAY, 1880.

No. 5.



## SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of cool and lone,  
I rush a suddenly,  
And sparkle out among the ferns,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trobles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me as I travel,  
With many a silvery waterbrook  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.



"THE CHILDREN CRAWLED AROUND HIM, CLAMBERING OVER HIS KNEES."—Page 272.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

MAY, 1880.

No. 5.



## SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
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And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me as I travel,  
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Above the golden gravel,

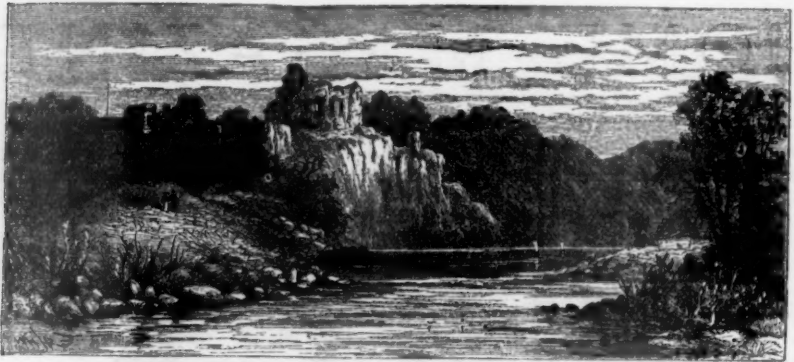
And draw them all along and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

Those who would fain "curse God and die" seldom say so.

"This will not do," Isobel said to her husband.  
"But what will do instead, Isobel?" he asked.



I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my creases;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## A LIVING CHRISTMAS BOX.

### IN SIX CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"My heart grows sick with weary waiting  
As many a time before:  
A foot is ever at the threshold,  
Yet never passes o'er."

ISOBEL was not slow to take up the threads of life again. The last of her girlhood vanished in that illness and that anguish. It was not that she became grave or solemn, that her laugh never rang out as of old, or her words never framed merry speech. It was only that in everything—in her laughter, perhaps, more than her tears—one was aware of the constant thought of something out of sight.

She was the first to be struck by the way the blow had fallen on Nina. It seemed to have paralyzed the girl. It did not transform her petty selfishness into angelic sweetness. Grief does not do that in real life. Rather it struck her dumb. From the look in her eyes and the tone in her voice, one could guess that all the old bitterness still lay at her heart, gnawing more cruelly than ever; but it no longer uttered itself aloud.

"One thing must be," said Isobel; "Nina must go where are some duties which must be done."

"Cannot you occupy her in helping you?" inquired Kenneth.

"Yes," said his wife. "But it is not the occupation, it is the 'must be' which she needs. She cannot get that here. There is no stringent necessity for any of the little duties she undertakes, and she knows if she did not do them somebody else would. She ought to go where she will realize that she is still part of God's world, without which that which lies around her cannot rightly get on."

"Then will she not leave it to wrongly stop?" questioned Kenneth, for in spite of his partiality to his pretty little cousin, he plainly saw the truth about her.

"We have no right to say that," Isobel answered. "That

'Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day,'

is a lesson often learned first when enjoyment seems hopeless and sorrow certain."

"Must we send her back to her teaching, then?" said Kenneth, ruefully.

"Not necessarily," Isobel returned. "I think she would be happier at some work which would engross her attention, and yet leave her mind at leisure to rest itself as much as it can, till, half-unconsciously, it returns to brighter things. To keep a mind alert while all its thoughts are sorrow, seems to me like keeping a machine at work when it has nothing to feed on but that which will destroy it. I think an entire change of life will be good for her, not a mere change of air or scene."

"I wonder if our Aunt Robina could take her,"

mused Kenneth. "She has another niece—another Nina Mac Lachlan, too—living with her now, and I wonder if we might not negotiate an exchange between the lassies. A little town change may be as good for the one Nina as the country repose for the other. And then you will not be left without a companion."

Isobel pondered over the suggestion. It commended itself to her. Aunt Robina's home was a little farm on the margin of a lonesome, romantic Highland loch. It was an abode of peace and of primitive plenty—no possible idleness, no overwork. The real things of life, too, were the only ones apparent there. Nina would get leisure from the crowd of external fancies and opinions and worries in which she had allowed her true self to be smothered. Aunt Robina, too, would be a wholesome influence. She was an old maid, who had lived all her life in the house where she was born—a woman of strong original character, undiluted by the rapid flow of conventional proprieties. She had had her own story, too, and would be tender with the girl, yet with the stern tenderness of experience, which will not yield a temporary indulgence that may end in permanent injury. She and her orphan niece both worked with their own hands in farm and dairy, seeking no other female assistance beyond the roughest. It would indeed be a change for Nina, but, with its calm, sweet solitude, its picture of dignified, unrelenting industry, its utter independence, as proud as simple, could there be a change more salutary?

"If Aunt Robina and Nina will both agree to that plan," said Isobel, "I think it will do capitally; and you, Kenneth, are a genius for thinking of it. 'The master makes lucky hits,' as the old janitor said to me one day anent some of your new arrangements. By the way, Kenneth, have you seen poor Widow Scott lately?"

"Yes," he answered, "I saw her last week. She seems wonderfully supported, and quite hopeful as to the future of herself and her little brood. She got a great inspiration from what happened to her on Christmas Eve."

"What was that?" asked Isobel, looking up in a strange, startled way. Perhaps she could not yet hear that date with perfect calmness.

"Ah! I forgot for a moment how much outside news has passed you by lately," said Kenneth, gently. "Well, on Christmas Eve a boy came to her door, bringing a blank envelope with something in it. There was no name on it, but he said a gentleman, whom he had met on the Muir Road beyond the Less, had bidden him to bring it to her. When she opened it she found three one-pound notes. And the miracle is, as the poor widow says, that anybody should have thought of her in the midst of the awful calamity which had fallen on Outerless not half an hour before."

"It was very mysterious," Isobel murmured, bending low over her work. She could scarcely tell why her breath came so quickly, why her hands turned so cold and tremulous. Why, too, did she at that moment remember a detail accidentally given by her dead brother's fellow-assistant in his narratives of Colin's last afternoon at the shop? "He had three pound notes and some gold in his purse—change he got for a check he cashed that morning." There were times when Isobel felt as if she could herself have gone down into the dark waters of the Less to search for the lost body of her dead brother. It was hard to understand that her mourning dress was worn for him. Till she should see his pale forehead and touch his cold hand, she could not "make him dead;" she could not think of him as at rest; he seemed only lost—gone—where?

Nina raised no objection to the plan of her going to Aunt Robina. Nay, she seemed in her sad way to be grateful for it. The old faith in some external change faintly revived within her. Had she only known it, her one real hope lay in what seemed her utter desolation. It seemed that there could never more be aught in life to which the old ambitions, the old cravings could cling. A listless contentment seized her, and palsied her with a strange terror. Nothing mattered—nothing could ever matter much. Only, how long could one bear this?

Her apathy of misery was a little stirred when she parted from Kenneth and Isobel. They noticed that after she was fully dressed for her journey, she went from room to room of the old school-house, giving a farewell look to each. It was a wrench, too, to leave Isobel, the one being now so closely linked to her by a mutual sorrow; and Isobel long remembered the last glimpse of her tear-stained face as the train carried her away.

The husband and wife did not return home together from the railway-station. Kenneth had to hasten back to his school-house to resume his classes; while Isobel turned aside among the quiet lanes, upon whose quaint seclusion the railroad had rushed like a *parvenu* among poor gentility. She meant to comfort herself by cheering some old pensioners, but she walked along sadly enough, feeling that it is easier to give out consolation than to take it home to one's own heart. Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by a shy, boyish voice asking, in broad Lowland Scotch: "Please, mem, arena ye Mistress Mac Lachlan up to the big schule?"

"Yes; that is my name," said Isobel, pausing and looking with surprise at her interlocutor, a blushing country boy, who straightway proceeded to fumble in his pocket.

"I bude to come up to the schule, afore, mem," he said. "Mither telt me sae; but I didna like."



I didna ken what word to send in, an' I aye thoct I'd see ye mysel' some day. I'm thinkin' that belongs to ye, leddy?"

He placed in her hand nothing more nor less than an old battered leather purse; but Isobel felt as if at sight of it she would drop down in the midst of the wet March road. She knew it well enough, without the lad's elaborate explanation that "there was a bit writing on the red skin o' the inside—puir Mr. Colin's name, and a gift from her ainsel', 'I. Mac Lachlan.'"

"Where—how did you get this?" she asked.

"I found it when the snow cleared away on a field at the back o' the Muir Road," he said. "Mither said ye'd be glad to see again aught o' your puir brither's; though some one that he's gied it to ha' either lost it or thrawn it awa'."

The boy was so frightened by the white, set look on the lady's face, that he went on repeating his mother's comments, simply to keep himself in courage by the sound of his own voice. Isobel walked on a few paces without heeding him, then she suddenly turned and thanked him, and gave him a trifling recompense for the strange treasure-trove he had brought her. And without paying any of her purposed visits, she went straight back to the school-house, and Mr. Mac Lachlan was summoned from the midst of his teaching to speak with his wife—an incident which had never happened before during their married life.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?"

"Yes, to the very end."

"Will the day's journey take the whole long day?"

"From morn to night, my friend."

THE two Nina Mac Lachlans spent a few days in the farm-house together, before the one started for Outerless. The country Nina was in raptures at the prospect of the town, for it turned out she had a lover working his way up in a lawyer's office there, and during their engagement of two years' standing the pair had only seen each other three times. But by her own love the kind-hearted girl could measure the loss borne by the pale, quiet creature who had come to take her place; and she did everything she could to make Pollewe as home-like as it might be. She even silenced her own delight, but she could not suppress its existence, and Nina was swift to comprehend. The thought of it cost her a few bitter tears when she retired to her little chamber with its quaint blue drapery and unpainted woodwork; yet they were not tears of envy, but, for the first time in her life, of pitiful remorse. "She has had a patience I could never have had," she sobbed; "and now she has a pleasure I could never have earned." And she cried herself to sleep; yet she

had a sweeter slumber, and awoke more refreshed than she had done after many a time of fretting and repining over troubles that looked so like joys now they were all over forever.

And then her cousin started off to take her place in the ancient school-house, and she was left alone with Aunt Robina. The old lady did not seem to take much notice to her, though all she said and did was kindly. At first, Nina revelled in the solitude—the silence which would reign for hours in the house, when the domestic work was done, and all the men-servants were away. Aunt Robina seldom went outside her own garden, and Nina had to take solitary walks. There was beauty, lovely or awful, on every side. The loch lay completely surrounded by hills, some giants in height, and forbidding in their ruggedness. Pollewe was the only farm of any extent in the neighborhood. There were two or three proprietors' houses and hunting lodges among the woods, at the other end of the loch, but they stood empty for the greater part of the year, and the rest of the houses were mere huts, where "buidly chields and clever hizzies" were reared among such conditions of self-restraint and hardship as seem incredible to a weak-kneed generation fostered in an effete luxury.

"Are you not very dull here?" Nina once inquired of an old woman, living in a lone cottage, high on the side of a bare "Ben." It had taken Nina a whole morning's severe climbing to reach this highly situated house, which was further cut off from the few neighboring huts by a river, which the shepherd, in whose boat Nina had come, only crossed once a week.

"Dull! no, my lady. The dogs are beautiful company."

"And don't you ever get tired of oatmeal porridge and milk?"

"I'd deserve a judgment, if I did, my lady. There's no such milk as ours to be got in the valleys. Up here, the cows can get little but heather, and that gives the particular richness, my lady. The queen herself could not get such milk unless she came to live in such a place."

"And don't you find it very hard climbing to and from the boat with your provisions?"

"It's a little rough sometimes, I'll own, my lady. But it's a grand saving of money not to have a tempting shop at your doors, as folks have in the big towns. One must have something to bear, and I've no more than is good for me."

That was a new thought for Nina. At least, it struck her as it never had struck her before. Was the crook in one's lot really something which ought to be accepted, not caviled at—part of the very pattern, as it were, if one only knew how to work it in?

Her new life was indeed an utter solitude; not only was she absolutely alone for many hours, but

even in more social intervals, she was surrounded only by people who, with the exception of Aunt Robina, knew nothing of her past. And Aunt Robina never alluded to it.

Nina's own identity began to assume its proper proportions among her kind—that of one little field flower in a luxurious meadow—one little nameless sparrow among countless multitudes. Yet it is not without a pang that any one surrenders the consciousness of his own importance—carking care though such self-importance may have always given him. It is not from consciousness of self-importance that we can pass straight to consciousness of our worth to the heart of our Father, God. There is a dreary interval between our slip from our own snug bough, and our final alighting in the hand which has been stretched beneath us all the while.

Solitude is invaluable till we have found a point whence we can see ourselves and our surroundings in true perspective; till we have heard the low voice of Truth speaking in our own hearts, uninterrupted by the clamor of discordant tones. It is our opportunity for sweeping and garnishing the chambers of our life while the disturbers are gone. But it is a means, not an end. No house is put in order to remain uninhabited. Nature does well for us in these respects, if we do not cross her. If, by the yearnings of our hearts, she drives us into the desert for a time, by the same oracle she will, after awhile, restore us to the haunts of men. God has some messages which He sends us by His skies and His mountains, and the unconscious words of strangers, but He has others which can only reach us through sympathizing and loving voices. But many who have found a healing balm in the wilderness fear to complete the cure, like timid invalids, clinging to their first medicines and shrinking from the rests and triumphs of convalescence. They suffer accordingly; the virtues of the lonely fountain cease to act—the heart, emptied of its first self, but closed against others, breeds a strange fantastic second self, a deadly, poisonous weed with an awful likeness to a wholesome herb. The former fiends return, only the less noticeable for the numerous company they bring with them, and the last state of that soul is worse than its first.

The girl began to feel lonely. She began to watch anxiously for the Outerless mail. And then first she noticed that there was something in the Outerless letters which did not satisfy her. Colin's name had vanished from them strangely. With the greatest pertinacity she alluded to the old memories and returning anniversaries. There was no response. And yet there was a gentle tone of tenderness about every word that Isobel wrote. Why did she withhold sympathy at the one point where it was craved, where one drop of it would have been valued more than oceans of it else-

where? just as a kiss at the right time soothes more than a thousand assurances of affection at another.

The girl began to feel lonely. The mountains and the pine-woods which had at first seemed to give such welcome and sanctuary, suddenly became dumb and dead. The human heart within her cried out for a human voice to answer, and a human hand to touch. But a horrible spell seemed on her in the homely household. She felt herself like an unhappy ghost, seen and heard perhaps, but forever misunderstood, mysterious and shut out.

She could not have revealed her own pain, but she could draw a little nearer to her fellows, as even terrified animals can. Aunt Robina noticed that her long, solitary walks (which had not always been timed to suit the convenience of the house) were suddenly dropped. She began to join in the fireside needlework, the fireside knitting. The good woman, who had been watchful of a great deal while she had seemed so indifferent, understood these signs. She cheerfully made way for the girl to join in all her little interests, and at last she thought the time had come for speech.

Spring and summer had passed, and the chill autumn evenings had come again, bringing back a thousand and one memories of "this time last year." Aunt Robina knew all about it, and could guess what was in her companion's mind as she sat silently knitting by her side.

"Nina," she said, one evening, suddenly dropping her work on her knee, and looking straight into the dull red glow of the peat fire. "Nina, on this very evening forty years ago, while I was sitting working by this very hearth, just as I am now, the light of my life went out in the cabin of a ship in the far north seas."

Nina, too, dropped her work, and looked at the old lady with eager eyes.

"You and I, Nina," Aunt Robina went on, "have both found our crosses early in the day of life."

"And you have been able to bear it for forty years!" said Nina.

"Yes, thank God," returned the old lady; "for it is impossible to doubt Him and the strength He can give after He has made that possible."

"O auntie," said Nina, again, "how little I dreamed you had this tragedy buried in your life! While I have watched you going about so cheerfully, I have thought how happy you were compared with me!"

"We can all know very little of each other's lives," answered Aunt Robina, "but without knowing anything, we can always be sure that each of us who have lived any number of years, have our own special pain and our own particular burden, the weight of which must rest upon ourselves, let our fellow-creatures help us as they may

And that is why we should all be ready to help each other as much as we can."

"But, O Aunt Robina," wailed Nina, "isn't it dreadful to bear? Oh, you know what it is!"

"Yes, darling," said the old lady, softly stroking the girl's head as she dropped it on her shoulder. "I do know what it is. But I know, too, that we have not got to bear it alone; God is with us, sharing all our burdens, feeling all our pain. And the dawn comes back after the darkest night, and the flowers bloom after the coldest winter. I am not telling you that time will heal your sorrow in the way of making you forget. You will never miss your dear one less than you miss him now. Probably your tears for him will start as freshly when you are an old woman like me, as they do to-night. Those whom we have ever loved, do not grow less to us, but more and more as the years pass on. But if you let God have His will with your heart and life, as He does with nature, time will change your sorrow by turning it into strength and sweetness, and at last into solemn joy. It cannot be very long now ere I shall see my darling from whom I parted forty-two long years ago, and then I shall not regret the years of sorrow, since it is in its shadow and coolness that my life's best work has been done."

"And had not you seen him for two years before he died?" asked Nina, eager for all news of the storm which had not wrecked this ship of life which she saw now so calmly anchoring in the harbor of old age.

"No," said Aunt Robina; "he had gone on an Arctic expedition, and they were slow and silent things in those days."

"Oh, how could you let him go?" cried Nina.

Aunt Robina did not know the inner life of the girl's love story, or she might have softened the directness of her answer.

"My dear," she said, "a woman who loves a man never stands in the way of his life. She has to further his will concerning his career, not to cross it. If she cannot bear the results of his following out the instincts of his nature, then that shows she is not fit to be his wife. A woman cannot turn a bookish man into a rover, nor a rover into a bookish man, and if she cannot school her heart to take him as he is, then he is not for her."

"O Aunt Robina, if only I had been happy when I might have been!" sobbed Nina, "and now I can never be!" And with her face hidden on the good, old lady's breast, she sobbed out her piteous confession of fractious weakness and self-consideration.

"My love," said Aunt Robina, gently, "we all have to blame ourselves for much. Life can have taught us little if we do not see, as its pages turn over, how much better the earlier ones might have been written. But the pages are still turning.

To-day will be to-morrow soon, and if yesterday makes us sad to-day, let us only take care that to-day does not sadden to-morrow. On that glad day of meeting with our darlings to which we look forward, to-day and to-morrow, and all the days to come, will be in the past as much as the yesterdays which are gone already, and they will be nearer the end of the book. We have not got to regret our regrets, and repine over our repining. We have only to leave them off as straightly and as sharply as we can. That we cannot help regretting our past follies, and so perhaps hindering our present progress, is not the will of God, or pleasing to Him; it is only the consequence and the penalty of our past follies. We have not got to think over whether we are glad or sorry, we have only to try to do right, day by day, bit by bit, as God sets life before us. Joy and sorrow, my dear, are only given us to teach us how to do this. You think your life is done, child; it is only begun. Don't be frightened at its possible length and loneliness. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' that is the promise; it has nothing to do with thy to-morrows, and thy years which may never come."

And so Nina Mac Lachlan girded up her soul for the pathway of life which lay before her, seemingly so dry and dusty. The change in her whole nature was very gradual, almost imperceptible, as are all the changes of growth; and perhaps nobody recognized it so little as she herself, for she knew of the repining thought, when she no longer spoke the repining word. All she could feel for her own encouragement was that now she knew herself, and knew that her troubles lay there rather than in aught around her.

Half under the shock of her great calamity, half in the loss of her old, exacting identity, she ceased to look for love, and notice, and regard. It was enough if she could do anything which could vindicate her life from lying utterly waste. If she could render a service, she felt grateful to those to whom she rendered it.

And presently she found that what she had ceased to search for and demand, was imperceptibly stealing up around her. Sick people sent over to Pollewe with messages asking for her presence; little children began to confide their pleasures and their punishments to her willing ears. Even strangers, mere acquaintances made during their brief summer sojourns near the loch, seemed to remember her with a strange, lingering fascination, and would write to her or send her a keepsake long after they might be presumed to have forgotten her.

And at last she ventured back to Outerless. She looked at the old places and trod the old walks without one murmur, and even uncomplainingly bore the strange silence which Kenneth and Isobel allowed to veil their brother's memory.

She helped in the other Nina's trousseau, and stood at her wedding with a very April face perhaps, but without one averted glance or one envious word. But she spent many solitary hours about that time, and God alone knows the battles she fought in her own heart. Others could only see the victory; she knew the sore distress of the struggle. Is that why conquerors are generally meek?

## CHAPTER VI.

"So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,  
A self-reviving thing of power—  
Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develop, not destroy,  
Far better than a barren joy."

CHRISTMAS EVE again. But many years have passed away. Three pairs of little feet patter about the master's rooms in Bishop Murdo's old school-house. Three merry, little voices call on "Auntie Nina," almost as often as on "mamma."

Kenneth Mac Lachlan sat alone in his school-room, busy with some papers which he was preparing against the re-opening of the school at New Year. He had not very much to do, and he would soon be done, and he meant to spend the rest of the day in all sorts of little Christmas duties and delights, as becomes the father of a family. For both the Mac Lachlans and the Rosses had English blood in their families, and so preserved in their families sundry traditional customs little heeded and scarcely understood by most of their Scottish neighbors. And though these had been held somewhat in abeyance for some years, after Christmas Day had become the anniversary of woe and loss, they had been resumed since the children's time. "The sorrows of one generation must not interfere with the joys of the next," Aunt Robina had warned them, and she had a right to an opinion in such matters.

The window of the school-room looked out upon the old garden-gate where we once saw Colin and Nina meet on a certain autumn evening. And as Kenneth sat at his writing he heard this gate gently opened. It was not a much-used gate, there being another way for servants and people coming to the school-house on business; and so, at the sound, Kenneth instinctively looked up.

It had been opened by a stranger—a gentleman with a sad, stern face, bronzed and bearded. He held the gate ajar, and after casting one hasty glance around, stood there, looking up at the old house.

Kenneth would have passed him as an utter stranger in any of the streets of Outerless, but seeing him standing there, a singular suspicion seized him, and he stole cautiously to the window, that

he might gain a nearer view and yet remain himself unseen. At that moment there was some sound in the room above, a servant or a child opened or closed a window. The stranger hastily—even precipitately—withdrew. Kenneth had not a minute to lose. Snatching up any hat that came to hand, he rushed out of the school-house by the other door, that he might meet the mysterious visitor on the road outside the gate.

Despite his hasty retreat from the garden, the unknown man had not hurried away. He was standing on the side-walk, eagerly peering through the wintry beech-hedge, which screened him from anybody in the house, while it did not quite conceal the house from him. There was something in the figure, in a peculiar poise of the head, which left Kenneth without one lingering doubt. Swiftly and noiselessly—for he was in his house slippers—he stole behind the stranger, and laid his hand on his shoulder, with one single word: "Colin!"

The other turned with a convulsive start, and for a moment Kenneth shuddered. It seemed as if the Less had indeed tardily given up its dead, the bronzed face was so white and the stern features so fixed. But a voice came presently—a voice that groaned almost inarticulately.

"I have not come to trouble you, Kenneth. I will go away directly."

"Hush!" said Kenneth, "there can be no reproaches now for one whom we have mourned as dead. If you were quite the same man that you were when you did the awful thing you seem to have done, I don't think you would have come back like this."

"Let me talk to you somewhere, Kenneth," said the other. "Take me somewhere safely out of sight of—of anybody. Isobel is—"

"Alive and well," answered Kenneth; "and she would not ask one question till she has killed the fatted calf, and brought out the robe and ring to welcome the prodigal."

"Who would long ago have come back to say, 'I have sinned,'" said Colin, "only there is an awful time when our very confession may add to our sin by casting burdens on others which we had better bear in silence to the end. I would never have come back if I had thought you would find me out. But the longing to see the old place was terrible, and when there came a chance the temptation was too much."

Kenneth led him into the school-room, where his wife and cousin never came when he was busy among his books, and there he heard his story—from the day when, filled with a wild and selfish impulse, he took to flight beneath the screen of a fearful accident—how it was he who had sent back the money to the Widow Scott, and had then made his way to the nearest seaport, and earned his passage to New Zealand working before the mast.



The story went on through years of hard, rough toil, of solitude on mountain sheep-walks, of constant privation and unceasing effort.

"They made a man of me thus far at least, Kenneth," said the wanderer, "that I did not feel how injured I was, but only what a fool and villain I had been when at last that happened which I had pretended was my excuse for carrying out my own selfish willfulness."

"My dear fellow," said Kenneth, gravely, "Nina has never married."

"Why, I saw it in the paper!" cried the other, starting up.

"Her cousin's wedding—a cousin of the same name," said Kenneth. "Sit down, Colin; perhaps you are to be allowed to undo more of your folly than is generally permitted."

"From that day," said Colin, more calmly,



"HE OPENED THE DOOR."—p. 271.

"What was it which happened?" asked Kenneth, a little surprised.

The bronzed face quivered for a moment, but presently Colin went on bravely: "Well, that day—that terrible Christmas Eve—I made believe to argue with myself that I was doing a grand thing in leaving Nina to forget me and be happy with somebody else. It was awfully hard, Kenneth," he added, with that dry humor which is ever the ashes of pain, "it was awfully hard when my benevolent intentions were fulfilled."

though the flush did not leave his forehead, "from that day I began to prosper. My luck changed, my comrades said. I changed my luck, I say. I left off standing on my dignity for one thing, which is always such slippery footing that it does not improve one's temper; I could not be troubled taking offense. And yet I don't see why it made so much difference, for from the first I had never expected to come back at all, Kenneth. Fool as I was, I had soon seen that after making you mourn my death, my life would be an infinitely



greater calamity. But that wedding announcement destroyed some sort of hope which must have been lurking in me without my knowledge. And I came across some good people, Kenneth—good people who had gone contentedly through hard lives without one of such chances as I had thrown away. Well, Kenneth, I'm glad I've seen you, and now I'll go off again, and I ask your pardon for giving you such a disagreeable secret to keep."

"I've had a secret keeping for years already," Kenneth answered; and then he showed him the purse which had been brought to Isobel, and whose loss on his flight Colin could easily recall. "Your sister and I have lived under the shadow of your worst all these years," Kenneth said. "If your best emerges from it, all the shadow will be taken away. As for Nina—well, Colin, at any rate you needn't leave this house for a few hours."

"Papa, papa, where are our Christmas-boxes?" shouted the peal of childish voices, as, a little later, Kenneth entered the pretty sitting-room where our story began.

"Christmas-boxes!" he echoed. "What are Christmas-boxes? Who wants them? And this is not the day for them. Little people get their Christmas-boxes after Christmas. But, nevertheless, I've got one Christmas-box in the house; guess whom it is for!"

The children crowded round him, clambering over his knees.

"For mamma!" they cried.

"Well, partly," he admitted. "But I fancy it is even more for somebody else."

"Aunt Nina," said the eldest boy.

"Yes, Aunt Nina, if she will have it," said Mr. Mac Lachlan.

Mamma and Aunt Nina were both standing by, interested and amused by the children's pleasure.

"What can it be?" said Isobel.

"Aunt Nina lost something like it once," suggested Kenneth.

"Is it a watch-key?" asked the second boy.

"Aunt Nina did lose one; but it only cost a penny. Is it another?"

"I think this is the very thing Aunt Nina lost, but I fancy it is worth a great deal more now than when she lost it."

"When did she lose it?" inquired the little girl.

"Years ago," said Kenneth, allowing his voice to grow gradually grave.

Isobel tried to catch her husband's eye. She thought he must have forgotten what anniversary this was, and she fancied Nina's lip quivered.

"Was Aunt Nina very, very sorry?" continued the little maid.

"Aunt Nina was very, very sorry—she has never left off being sorry," replied papa.

Nina took one step toward her cousin, and then paused, gazing intently at him.

"Don't you think, little ones, that even when a thing loses itself of its own accord, it may be forgiven if it finds itself at last?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted the children.

It was Isobel who started now. "Kenneth," she gasped, "what does it mean? Is it—has it been true?"

"Hush, wife," said the husband, tenderly. "Nina never doubted as you did. She has been quite sure that what she had lost lay hidden in a certain place where it has never been at all."

"O Kenneth," cried Nina, "who and what can your words mean, if not Colin?"

"Nina," said her cousin, solemnly, "shall we not receive back from life what we have vainly longed for from death? Could you forgive a sin which looked like what all sin really is—death?"

He heard no voice, but her lips said: "Take me to him."

And he half-led, half-carried her down to the library of the old school-house. He opened the door. One shriek of agonized joy, one call for pardon, was all he stayed to hear. Isobel was close behind him, but he turned and took her hand in his and drew her back to the parlor.

"Wait yet a little while, darling," he said; "there will be time for us presently, dear."

And so our story ends with a wedding after all. It took place not at Outerless, but at Pollewe—a quiet, solemn wedding between two people, no longer young, who had suffered so much that sorrow had wrought in them such patience and courage, that they spoke no regretful word for the youth and health, the gleefulness and delight which they both knew they had wasted and lost forever, nor one protest against the whisperings and wonderments that their strange story provoked wherever it was known. As soon as they were married, they would start for the land of Colin's adoption, and their faces would be no more seen. But now they know that which makes all places home, and all people friends, and fills all days with duty. They have learned the secret of the strange, sweet law which underlies all life—

"That earth without a cross

Is earth without a rest."

EDWARD GARRETT,

*Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life."*

LOVE is the eternal longing of the soul which exists in every man and woman for the completion of its own existence in that of another—two lives forming one life, itself perfect. Love is, above all, the glorious immolation of every feeling of self, except that one of self-respect without which love cannot long exist.

MARRIAGE, to be happy, must be equal; and love is the only thing that always makes it equal.

## WHATEVER IS TO BE, WILL BE!

PAULINE HUBBARD sat lazily in her easy-chair, with a face of mingled amusement and vexation, watching Clare St. Clare's indignant fingers as she packed a trunk with great rapidity and exactness, looking as if she possessed the pent-up energy of a second Atlas.

"Clare, don't you think this is all very unnecessary?"

Two blue eyes raised with a flash, while two scornful, red lips said, emphatically: "No! Stop looking so awfully sad, Pauline."

"Then please don't shower exclamation points, with dagger-tips, at me. I always thought you would be able to face anything," retorted her cousin.

"Dearest," said Clare, passing from acid to sweet with amiable celerity, "I can't please you by being piqued into staying; your grand Sultan may have an opportunity to throw his royal handkerchief at any one but me. It is all very fine for grandpa and old Mrs. Howard to have conceived a plan to unite the two houses of St. Clare and Mackain, after the old English fashion; but I will not be dragged up in such a bare-faced manner for formal inspection by my lord. If grandpa wanted me to hate the man outright, he took just the steps for that result; and, if Howard Mackain wants to see me, he'd have to take a long journey to find me."

"But, Clare, it looks so much like a storm, and you are going without an escort."

"Pshaw! who ever heard of a storm amounting to anything in March? Pauline, my resolve is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and I mean to make my dear Mrs. Bentley a visit if I go through seven feet of snow to get there."

After this last speech, Clare left off packing, and shone a perfect sunbeam upon the much-enduring Pauline for the rest of the day, causing her cousin to exclaim, with a resigned sigh: "You are such a swindle, Clare! I suppose I must make the best excuse I can for you to-morrow evening to Mrs. Mackain; but whatever comes of this absurd runaway journey of yours, remember you will have only your naughty self to blame."

It was only two innocent-looking cards—"Mrs. Wendel Mackain, at home, Thursday evening, March 17th"—but oh, what a commotion they raised!

The next morning the leaden sky was strongly suggestive of a storm; but Pauline knew further remonstrance with her perverse guest would be of no avail; so after breakfast she drove her down to the station, and saw Clare safely seated in the train going East. And, very lovingly she bade her good-bye (for, in spite of all their dissimilarities, the girls were warmly attached to each other), and went off to find her phaeton. But an aggra-

vating up-train had gotten on the track, and Pauline was obliged to seat herself for a few minutes in the waiting-room, and being beside an open window, became the unintentional auditor of two gentlemen who were just outside.

"Bad enough for a fellow to look forward to taking a wife in some far-remote age, without dreadful, posthumous wishes cropping up unexpectedly," said somebody, in a languid, half-laughing voice, and yet a voice that had something irresistibly pleasant about it. "Don't you want the reversion of my chance, Harry? I'll throw a cool thousand into the bargain, if you'll promise to comfort mother, and make love to the young lady. You might do the latter with impunity, for no one knows you in this Knickerbocker town, and I've grown out of remembrance since I left it."

"So, that's what you're running away for?" asked the other, with a laugh. "No more pluck than that, Howard?"

"Not a bit," said the first speaker. "I told mother I should not stay to be inspected, matrimonially, in cool blood, by any damsel, however fair; so I just dropped a line to my old friends the Bentleys, and announced that I would spend two days with them in Newport."

"The Bentleys? Those delightful people whom we met last winter?"

"Yes, exactly—isn't she a lovely little woman? Just my ideal. I wish I could only feel sure of finding another like her. So my poor mother is driven distracted (sent out her cards for an 'at home,' just to introduce the high contracting parties), and I left her inventing excuses for my non-appearance. Good-bye, Harry, go to the reception by all means, and don't forget to give me your opinion of Miss St. Clare."

Just then the conductor sung out: "All aboard!" and Howard Mackain waved a farewell, and jumped on the train as it rolled slowly out of the depot.

Pauline Hubbard found her phaeton, and leaning back on the soft cushions as she drove home, laughed to herself.

"I told Clare she had only herself to blame for her madcap journey. Did any one ever hear of such a pair. I'd give anything to see Clare when she meets him at the Bentleys—serves her right, and him, too. And that was Howard Mackain. I should never have known him—he's handsomer than ever. O Clare, I hope retribution awaits you both for the worry you have caused poor Mrs. Mackain and me."

Clare made herself as comfortable as possible with a shawl, and as she felt sundry draughts stealing up the back of her neck, secretly lamented that she had left her heavy wrap. However, she was very self-reliant, and her disregard of an escort was quite characteristic; but after a few hours the snow began to fall in sober earnest, with

a wind accompaniment that shook the cars. Clare had it in her heart to cry like a baby; she wondered what on earth she should do if she missed the connecting train. The new novel which had interested her so much the night before, had grown suddenly stupid, and she was too uneasy with the rapidly-increasing storm, and the slow progress of the train, to get up any enthusiasm over fictitious heroines. At last, the engine gave a long, despairing groan, the car-wheels slipped, creaked and then came to a dead stop. Clare pushed her window up about two inches, and surveyed the prospect. The wind seemed to come from all four quarters of the heavens at once, and the snow fell so fast and thick, you could hardly see an inch before you. So Clare drew her window down again, and leaned her head against the pane, feeling nervous, and, truth to say, bitterly cross.

"Allow me," said a low, well-bred voice behind her, and a gentleman's hand threw an overcoat across the back of her seat. "You will find this a more comfortable pillow."

Clare raised her head rather haughtily, and said, not too politely: "I am quite comfortable. Please keep your coat."

Without another word, the offending traveler removed his property to his own seat, and Clare had the supreme satisfaction of thinking she had been unnecessarily rude. A fit of penitence took possession of her; she wished she had been more affable, and began to wonder what her neighbor looked like. One glance behind her would have satisfied her curiosity, but she was too proud for that. Presently he got up, passed down the car, and went outside. Clare saw him through her half-closed eyes—a tall, fair man, with soft, brown hair and mustache, handsome and distinguished-looking, with an air of quiet repose that made him appear unmistakably a gentleman.

Meantime, the storm went on as violently as ever. It was growing dark now, and no prospect of moving, and the brakeman, who came in periodically to shake up the stoves, finally announced, in a cheerful voice, that the coal was all out.

"My goodness me!" gasped a prim spinster in front of Clare, "shall we all freeze stiff?"

"Hope not, mum. We've sent back for engines, and if they hain't lost their way, we'll see 'em sure sometime to-night," replied the brakeman.

Clare admitted to herself that she had been rather too hasty, and she felt as though she could exterminate Howard Mackain from the face of the earth, for he was the sole cause of her being in such an unpleasant situation. She wished the gentleman would offer her his coat again. But, no, he was sitting there with his cap pulled over his eyes, apparently asleep.

So it grew colder and darker, and Clare's eyes heavier, and, in trying to watch the snow cover up the fence opposite, she fell asleep.

Several hours later, she awoke with a violent start, occasioned by the creaking and groaning of the car-wheels, and she was so bewildered, for a moment she did not know where she was. The dim rays of a lamp at the end of the car, showed her fellow-sufferers stretched out in various uncomfortable positions, and as she lifted her face, the cold, raw air blew across it, unpleasantly enough. Then she wondered how in the world she had kept warm, and, lifting her hand to her neck, she encountered a coat, and found she was completely enveloped in that rejected article.

Up went Clare's head, with sudden impetuosity, to meet the gaze of a pair of dark gray eyes, fixed curiously upon her.

"I am afraid you have felt the want of your coat," said she, in a winningly sweet voice, making the *amende honorable*. "You are so kind—thank you."

"Keep it; you needed it more than I did," he said, lifting his cap politely, but coldly.

Clare was dying to ask him where they were going (for the cars were moving very slowly), but the gentleman's voice did not invite further conversation, so she nestled down in the corner again, feeling very hungry and forlorn, and not at all like the dignified, elegant Miss St. Clare.

After another weary hour, Clare saw the lights of a station through the window, and straightened her hat, got up with a vague idea she must move somewhere, when the gentleman behind her spoke again.

"If you will wait here, I will find out if we can get on to-night." Something in Clare's face made him ask abruptly: "If not, don't you want something to eat?"

"Desperately!" said Clare, with a smile dancing up in her eyes.

Her mirth was contagious, for he added with a laugh, "So do I," and disappeared in the darkness.

He returned directly, and said cheerfully: "We must make the best of it. The conductor says we cannot get on before morning."

"Oh!" said Clare, somewhat dismayed.

"I think," he said, reassuringly, "we can find some oysters at the station; and then (though I cannot presume to advise your movement) you might go to such an hotel as the place affords. Wouldn't that be better than sitting here for the rest of the night?"

"Infinitely," said Clare, with a relieved face, and taking his arm as she jumped down into a snow-drift, thinking that fate was extremely obliging to send her such assistance.

Clare deposited herself on a seat in the waiting-room, and the gentleman started to order something edible, when an after-thought brought him back to her side.

"Beg pardon, but would you like to telegraph

your friends? If the storm continues, the wires may be down before morning."

Clare agreed to this proposition; but while her new friend had gone in search of telegraph blanks, it suddenly occurred to her that this was a neat little trap to ascertain her name. All of which was most unjust on her part; and the gentleman was secretly amused to see that the telegram which she handed him (it was to Pauline) had merely initials as a signature. But all to no purpose, for he was destined to be enlightened ere long, and turn the tables upon her.

"Are you traveling alone, my dear?" asked a pleasant-looking, middle-aged lady, in a gentle voice.

"Yes, and it seems to me we are in a very uncomfortable situation," said Clare.

"It is too bad," said the lady, smiling; "but I think I shall go to the hotel presently and try to sleep a little. My dear, if you like, I shall be glad to take charge of you. I have a daughter at home who is about your age."

"Oh, thank you!" said Clare, looking so animatedly handsome in her relief that her cavalier, who had just returned from the telegraph-office, thought it was the loveliest rose-bud face he had ever had the good fortune to look at.

Clare was just beginning to view her situation from a ludicrous standpoint, and feeling she must make amends for her previous ungraciousness, she made room for him beside her, and was so sparkling, witty and brilliant, that he admired her more than ever, and began to wonder who she was.

But their pleasant chat was brought to an end by the announcement that the hotel sleigh was ready. Clare was pushed in between the lady who had offered to take care of her (whose name proved to be Mrs. Raymond) and a deaf old lady with a trumpet. When half way up the hill, the sleigh gave a lurch that precipitated Clare directly into the handsome stranger's arms. The old lady wailed aloud, and said she "knowed we'd all be killed," and begged to know whether "we was all dead now."

Clare, hardly able to speak for laughter, extricated herself, and then managed to scream comforting news through the speaking-trumpet. Clare heard an echo of her laugh from beneath the blonde mustache opposite, but the sleigh drove up in front of the hotel, and her cavalier assisted her out; he looked cool and dignified as ever. Clare and Mrs. Raymond seated themselves in the sitting-room. Presently the gentleman came in to say he had been able to secure but one room for both ladies. But they were only too glad to have even limited accommodations, provided they were warm.

"Good-night," said Clare. "Oh, I quite forgot to ask if my small hat-box could be brought here; that is, if it would not be asking too much of you."

The gentleman assured her he could send the driver back for it. So, thanking him, she gave him her check.

Howard Mackain (for, of course, the reader is aware it was he to whom mischievous fate had thrown this opportunity) walked up and down the piazza smoking, and waiting for the hat-box, regardless of the snow, until he looked like a polar bear. Finally it arrived; and as he walked inside to give the man directions where to take it, the rays of the lamp fell clearly upon the name printed in black letters—"Clare St. Clare." He was so astounded at this revelation, that he stood staring at the ascending porter. Then, as the absurdity of his running away only to encounter the obnoxious young lady, seemed to dawn upon him, his astonishment exhaled in a most mischievous laugh; he determined to maintain his incognito, and have all the fun he could out of the adventure.

It stormed harder than ever next morning. To Clare's dismay, she never imagined such banks of snow could fall in March. But Mrs. Raymond and she made merry over their misfortunes, and started down to breakfast. Did I say breakfast? Heaven forbid that I should insult any respectable meal by putting this in the same category. A hasty inspection of the table was sufficient for Clare, and she came away hungry.

The process of the night before was repeated—of packing passengers into the sleigh like sardines in a box. Howard Mackain showed his intention of making things comfortable for Clare, and they were getting acquainted rapidly; being thrown together in such an unceremonious way, each was dependent upon the other for entertainment, and she began to enjoy his society.

After waiting about two hours, the conductor concluded to start with two engines, and a snow-plow to clear the way for the train, but it was a heavy, up-grade business. At last the train came to a dead stop.

"I really ought to send a telegram to the friends who are expecting me," said Clare.

"Write your message and I will take it out for you, Miss St. Clare," said Howard, the name slipping out inadvertently. She looked so perfectly amazed, that he added: "Forgive me, but I saw your name on your baggage, and it's very inconvenient to say 'you' all the time."

"Then I hope you mean to relieve me of a like embarrassment, Mr.—" and she paused inquiringly.

"How," he said promptly, and with so much gravity that she was forced to accept it, though secretly she did not believe it to be his name.

However, she borrowed his pencil, and, happily for the preservation of his secret, she allowed him to read over her shoulder. His face was a study as he read the telegram, addressed to Mrs.



Charlie Bentley: "Will come when the train does. Snow-bound."

Surely fate was playing strange tricks with him; but, somehow, Howard did not feel inclined to quarrel with her, for he plunged through snow up to the knees to send the message.

Clare thought: "I do wonder who he is? The most interesting man I have met in a century."

So Clare and Howard flirted to the end of the chapter, and as they were old and experienced in such warfare, they did not find the time hanging heavy on their hands, and they enjoyed it immensely. Mrs. Raymond was kept supplied with light literature by them both, and smiled to herself occasionally at the busy conversation going on between the pair.

Gradually it grew dark, and Howard, having carefully covered Clare with that invaluable overcoat, announced that he was going foraging. Clare, feeling worn out and nervous, lost herself with her head on the window-pane. She was soon awakened by a merry voice saying: "I did not find a land flowing with milk and honey, but here is some tea perhaps you can drink. I made it myself, and there isn't more than its rightful allowance of water."

Clare rubbed her sleepy eyes, and found "Mr. How" standing before her covered with snow. He had a tin pail on each arm, and a china mug in his hand.

"I made love to the farmer's wife," said he, as he displayed a pailful of delicious biscuit, "and coaxed her to bake them while I sat by and watched the operation."

He then poured the mug full of tea for her, and actually produced a silver spoon!

"I call that a delicate attention," exclaimed Clare, as she sat rolled up like an Egyptian mummy to keep warm, thinking she had never enjoyed anything so much as that tea. While a very handsome face, with lovely gray eyes, looked kindly at her, and their owner assumed a sort of care over her which was, in the present state of her nerves, especially soothing.

Clare had been forty hours on the way, and had lost her lovely rose-bud coloring to such an unheard-of degree, that Howard was dreadfully concerned about her, and delivered her over to Mrs. Raymond with so many private injunctions to "take good care of her," that the good lady could hardly keep from smiling. He then proceeded to bid her good-bye.

"Good-bye!" she asked, looking so miserable at the prospect that the hard-hearted monster gloried with delight. "Are you going to leave?"

"Yes," he said, "business requires me to go on an earlier train than you ought to take. Do try to sleep for a few hours."

"I hope we shall meet again, when I have

brains enough to be able to thank you for all your kindness," she said, with varying color.

"We certainly shall meet, Miss St. Clare," he said, smiling. "Will you promise to be glad to see me no matter where it may be?"

For answer she gave him her pretty white hand, which he raised to his lips respectfully, and the foreign fashion sat more gracefully upon him than on most men.

When Clare laid her weary little head on the soft pillows, she cried outright. But she told herself she was so tired!

At midday Mrs. Raymond and Clara said good-bye, for they were going in different directions. Clare settled herself in a corner of the seat, and slept the sleep of exhaustion until she reached her destination.

"Oh, there's Clare!" And trying to make her way through the noisy crowd of porters and hackmen, Clare was soon in sweet Mrs. Bentley's arms, and was half-carried and half-smothered with kisses, and finally found herself in the carriage beside her friend. Then Clare's spirits returned, and she gave a ludicrous and graphic description of her "trials and tribulations" for the past three days.

When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Bentley made her go up-stairs to bed, and dosed her with all sorts of delicious compounds, being under the impression she was starving.

"Now, Clare," she said, with a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes, "don't attempt to come down-stairs until tea is ready. I don't want to bore you with company when you are tired; but the truth is, one of our friends arrived this morning."

Clare groaned.

"And he is just elegant. One of those delightful people you can't help but like."

After this little speech, Mrs. Bentley closed the shutters, gave Clare another kiss, and left the room. Clare's last thought was: "Oh, what a bother! I know I shall be two stupid to say one word."

Clare spent very little time over her toilet that evening. She put on the first dress she found in her trunk, but it happened to be blue, against which the soft brown of her hair looked positively enchanting. She tied a bow here, and a knot there, and nestled a handful of daisies at her throat; and as she floated down the staircase looking like a vision, but feeling elegantly bored and indifferent, and quite prepared to annihilate the troublesome guest.

The gas was not yet lighted in the library, but it was bright with a coal-fire, and she walked in. A gentleman who had been leaning against the mantle turned quickly when she entered; the fire-light fell upon a handsome face that Clare recognized instantly.



"Mr.—" was all she had voice to say.

"My dear Clare," said Mrs. Bentley, in a voice trembling with mischief, "let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Howard Mackain."

Clare stood perfectly motionless, and nothing could have been prettier than her color.

"I ought to beg your pardon," said the gentleman, "but really I cannot; for, confessing to Mrs. Bentley that I was cowardly enough to run away from my mother's reception to avoid you, I find that you were in the very act of ignoring me in the same manner."

Clare's fingers ached to box somebody's ears, but she said, in a pathetic voice: "I had made up my mind to hate you, but how can I preserve the proper detestation when I think of that silver spoon?"

"It isn't as hard for me," he said, drolly, "when I remember how you snubbed my coat most unmercifully."

"I forgive you," she said, laughing, as the absurdity of the situation struck her.

"I cannot be behind you in magnanimity," he answered, with praiseworthy gravity.

"Clare," said Mrs. Bentley, anxiously, "I am afraid you will have a fever. Didn't you have a terribly disagreeable day yesterday?"

"My head ached," she answered, evasively.

"Doesn't that make a disagreeable day of it?" asked Howard, lightly.

But Clare suddenly became conscious that her cheeks were answering for her, and resolutely turned her back on him as she got into a corner of the sofa.

The fever that Mrs. Bentley feared, did not attack Clare, but a certain sort of malady seized upon her, and made her appear totally unlike the Clare St. Clare of old. During the days when she was resting from her fatigue, it was dangerously pleasant to have Howard always at her side; and I think they both dropped out of the non-emotional school of this age unconsciously.

And finally, with many blushes and smiles, Clare told Mrs. Bentley that she had placed her future in Howard Mackain's hands, and then wrote the news to her Cousin Pauline.

Pauline's answer was certainly a triumphant one; but Clare was too happy to care for her teasing.

And it came to pass that old Grandfather St. Clare's long-cherished wishes are to be consummated by a speedy union of the fortunes of St. Clare and Mackain; but Clare laughingly said: "Grandpa may thank kind Providence, not himself, Howard, as far as our marriage is concerned, for whatever is to be, will be!"

"LITTLE GYPSY."

ACTS, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

## LONGINGS.

LOOK across these wide, white wastes  
With slowly brimming eyes,  
The bitter hunger of my heart  
Breaks forth in pleading cries.

The fierce blast shrieks among the trees,  
Despair is in its breath;  
I've borne these winter wastes so long,  
This look and touch of death.

Oh for the fragrant breath of balm  
Out-blown from breezy woods!  
A single glimpse of growing green,  
A hint of bursting buds!

I thirst—I starve for summer skies  
Low-brooding warmth and shine,  
The winds that breathe of far-off bowers,  
And stir the blood like wine.

Is there no summer of the heart  
Purged of these wild desires—  
These yearnings fierce and strong that burn  
Like never-failing fires?

Or must the long, slow years slip on  
Above this hot, tired heart,  
Till doubt, and dross, and earth burn out,  
And leave the better part?

I seem to stand alone—alone  
Upon a flood-bound rock;  
The angry waters surge and roar,  
And shake me with their shock.

I may not drink the turbid stream,  
My soul is mad with thirst;  
Afar the silver waters shine  
By quiet valleys nursed.

I hunger—yonder gleam the fruits  
My famished soul would taste,  
Borne on the wings of deep desire  
I speed o'er wave and waste.

I clutch them with unyielding hands  
That will not let them slip;  
I taste—oh, bitterness! they break  
In ashes on my lip.

O life! thou luring, mocking thing,  
So bitter and so sweet!  
The tireless moments spin thy shroud  
To cast it at my feet.

Sometime this restless heart of mine  
Shall cease to ask or crave,  
This hunger and this thirst of soul  
Shall find, at last, a grave.

MARJORIE MOORE.

## MY GRANDPARENTS.

**I** PITY that man who has not in his home, or hid in some cherished chamber of the heart, an easy chair—filled with the form of one bearing the spicy fragrance of the past, and yet wearing a sunny radiance reflected from the skies!

Such a chair have we, and the memory of five other precious chairs, on whose rungs we have climbed, or tilted on arms and rockers, with childish abandon, for, oh! reader, we are so blest as to have known even our *great-grandparents*, all through our youthful years. So sweet are the memories, and tender the associations, that cluster around those chairs, and the forms that once filled them, that I never see an old man or woman without a heart-bound toward them. This is due not only to the lovely characters of these grandparents, but to that parental training which taught us to honor the gray head, to reverence years, and to rise up before the aged. The severest punishment that I ever received was meted out to me for the momentary forgetfulness of this law, which was as unalterable as the Sanskrit, or the *Bible*, in our house. No matter if grandpa or grandma were sometimes mistaken, old foggyish or whimsical, it was our business to ignore it; never to see or admit it. Such a training builds golden treasure for future-old age.

My great-grandfather blended the majesty of years with the innocence of childhood in a remarkable degree. He was ninety-five when he died, and very infirm, but retained his mental faculties perfectly. His beautiful wife, a few years younger, rejoiced in being able to minister to him with her own hands, being scarce willing to share her labors of love with many helpers at hand. The love between them—that aged couple, who had walked together from boyhood and girlhood—was a rare and heavenly sight, and their gracious, courtly, genial ways, made them objects of almost worship by children's children.

Thought runs backward along the years when as a child I was allowed to visit them, and memory treasures up the minutest incidents, hoarding them with miserly greed. Why, those blessed old people used to treat us as if royal guests! What chocolate we sipped from dainty cups! What rare and precious ware was produced for our special delight! What sweets and goodies were crammed into eager mouths, all in spite of parental protest! What curiosities were reserved and unearthed for those visits! What stories told to eager eyes and ears, crouching beside the dear old knees, and what griefs were whispered into those appreciative ears, not too busy or worldly to hear; and when these came to die, what grief was felt in the old house, and in all the town; for we scarce need tell you of such lives, that one could not live without the other.

My father died when we were little things. Oh! how the father and mother hearts opened to take in the young mother and her little brood, with not a bit of the grudging that is sometimes seen when the cases are reversed—when it is an old father and mother needing home and care. How willingly life and joy was meted out to us; and what balm was poured into that young widow's heart.

I tell you, reader, that nowhere on earth have I seen such a house as that, so glorified are its brown rafters with the halo of love and kindness. Nowhere else have I seen such lovely apple and cherry-blossoms as yearly dropped their petals of snow and cream upon the orchard grass. And all my life have I been looking for a match to the "black hearts" and "pippins," which found their way into my childish lap; and I am perfectly sure that there never was seen such another honeysuckle and rose-tree as clambered over the casement of my grandmother's "keeping-room;" and no other house ever boasted such cherry-pies and "johnny-cakes," such cookies and tarts as were made by the plump hands of my energetic grandmother.

Do you smile at my presumption, dear reader? Nay, but such is the power of the grandparent to transmute into pure gold the commonest things of life, to the eager, childish heart. Thought runs backward along the years, reminiscences of childhood and by-gone days are fain to leap the mesh of memory's-net. Will the reader suffer me to introduce him to the home of my *paternal* grandparents, into which in after years I drifted, in response to their loving demands to claim one of the fatherless brood? Perhaps he may learn something of the secret of lovable old age, and the fortifications wherewith to meet those failing years, dreaded by all in prospect.

This grandfather was a man of large intellect, strong will, high, Christian culture and great-heartedness. Exercising the right of priesthood in his own household, and wielding the sceptre of family rule right royally—his tall, broad, majestic figure, surmounted by massive brows and snow-white hair, impressed one with a consciousness of weight and worth of character not easily gained. Certain it is, that his own sons, fathers of families themselves, deferred to his judgment, and obeyed his wishes to the last, being taught implicit obedience in their youth, enforced by an example in which they could pick no flaw. This grand, old man was a forcible illustration of the worth of a thorough education in promoting a man's usefulness and influence in old age. Although not a professional man, he was a graduate of Yale College, and kept up his fine, scholarly tastes through all his long life, reading his Greek, Latin and Hebrew versions of the Bible daily, with other classical works, besides attending to a large

and valuable correspondence, and superintending the education of his family with great gusto. My first lessons in natural science and the Latin grammar, were at his knee, as also my first course in written music, for he was not only a singer, but understood the theory of music well.

It seems to me now, with the lapse of years between, that I never heard finer music than echoed through those dear old walls—"Mear" and "Dundee," as executed by my grandfather and his sons, accompanied by the organ and flute. Although he seldom left home, this old man's worth and ability made his house the centre of a charmed and literary circle, and yet he was poor in this world's goods. To him, the education of his nine children, and charity toward those who were poorer than himself, were far more than houses, or raiment, or lands, or bank-stock. In his youth and early manhood he invested in the real estate of Heaven, and it had yielded in old age large returns.

My grandmother was a striking contrast to her husband, in softened and exquisite traits of character. What *he* did from principle *she* did from tenderness! Oh, that angelic figure—surely by some sweet lease of Heaven an angel in disguise! I see her now, in her high-backed chair, her aged form bent with sickness, toil and care; but nothing could dim a face radiant with Heaven's own sweetness. Her velvety cheeks and hands were our delight to caress; and what joy to be permitted to comb that long, silvery hair, sweeping the floor as it hung unbound. What peace was mirrored in her deep, blue eyes—that marvelous blue, like a lake in which is reflected the summer's sky. Above all, that *heart*! What a heart it was in which to pour girlish griefs; yes, or manhood's either. How her strong, manly sons loved to sit at her knee, and unbosom the cares and sorrows of life. The little children, too, found not only the pockets of her dress an endless reservoir of such things as children love, but her bosom the softest on which to rest; her heart the tenderest to forgive; and her brain rich with the fancies and fairy-lore which the child-heart feeds upon. It is a fact, too, that the children could sometimes wile her into some mischievous prank, that the more demure father and mother would have nipped in the bud, and her generous toleration of our follies made us confident that she had sometimes gone over that very same path herself!

The soft rustle of her silvery dress hid beneath its folds a wondrous pocket; not for purposes of snuff or pipe, but oh! what a receptacle for the wants of ailing, needy humanity, from "my son John," down to "the baby," and even "Bridget" knew where to go with the cut finger, or broken needle, or troublesome knot, every time. I never knew such a pocket as that—a family reservoir—from which we drew ceaseless supplies.

Think you such grandparents were hidden in the back room of the house? Rather, if there was any "best," it was theirs, every time, to smooth their path through the sunset land. The largest room was consecrated to their use. In a day when carpets were rare, *this* room must have one, its broad lounge, and Franklin stove, and all the bric-a-brac of comfort and ornament. "Father's" bookcase and secretary-drawers must be sacred from intrusion, and also "mother's" *escritoire*. Although the family room contained their special chairs, their corner, with the quaint, round Bible-stand between them, where in the midday hours we were sure to find them, yet their own chamber was always warm, always bright, awaiting their privacy for rest, toilet, study, prayer or one of the many conferences with child or neighbor, for which there was frequent call.

What a privilege to nurse these aged ones in winter's cold; to tuck up feet and knees, which sluggish blood refused to warm; to prepare fine linen and good suits for the father who must soon pass away; to starch and iron the gossamer cap which adorned—not hid—the luxuriant hair of the aged mother. The wrinkled neck and hands—those mocking sentinels—were covered with softest fall of lace; and how delightful every way to magnify graces and cover up defects—if indeed there were any! Ah! have I one young reader—one who has the care of aged parents or grandparents? Take then the sweet moral to heart, while yet there is time. If one of these "gifts of God," waits beside your hearth for the call to "come up higher," take the holy trust, and yield your choicest and best from heart and home.

Long years have passed since I went out from my grandfather's door to cross the threshold of active life—years in which the frail bark has almost gone down in storms of sickness, sorrow and disappointment, but the memory of that home has, like a star, illumined the darkness. The remembrance of those lovely lives, and the consciousness that they await our coming in the land of sunrise, steadies the heart through the darkest night. *This* you can do for the sons and daughters around about you, and leave a memory sweet as Araby's spices, and an influence far-reaching as eternity. Thus shall the "hoary head" be indeed a "crown of glory."

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

LONGFELLOW says that the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

THE law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

OPPOSITE THE TAVERN.

TELL you wife, it's one of the best farms in the country. Old Stinchfield has grown rich on it; and it seems strange to me that he should want to sell it, even if he is too old to work on it himself. He is able to hire all the help he needs, and lay up money besides. But that's none of our business. The question with us is, whether we shall take it or not." He paused for a moment, but his wife's eyes were fixed upon her sewing, and she made no answer, so he went on, still presenting the subject in its brightest light: "You see we shall need a larger place than this in a few years, for John will be one-and-twenty a year from next October, and I've made up my mind, seein' he shows such a likin' for farmin', to take him in with me; that is, we'll run the farm together, and divide the profits fairly at the end of each year."

"That is a good idea. John was born a farmer. But, David, what is to be done for him?"

"Oh, I've thought of that, too;" and he spoke with unusual animation. "The academy is only two miles from there, and he could walk back and forth morning and night, just as well as not, when the horses are in use. So, you see, he could be fitting himself for college, and in two or three years I shall be able to send him there."

"That would suit him exactly; and in that case little Rache, too, could get a good education without going away from home for it. But, David," and Mrs. Grover dropped her work upon her lap, and lifted to her husband's a face strangely troubled and uncertain—a curious contrast to the quiet satisfaction that her words had expressed: "I don't believe it would be for the best, after all."

Farmer Grover stared at his wife in astonishment, not unmixed with displeasure.

"Why not?" he asked, rather sharply.

"Because"—and the placid, motherly face seemed suddenly to have assumed a shrewd, far-seeing look as she said, steadily: "It is too near the tavern—only over the way; and I don't believe that the influence of such a place will be for good—to the boys, especially."

The farmer laughed, a little scornfully.

"Just like a woman—always seeing bugbears when nobody else would think of them;" and his air and tone were decidedly condescending as he said, in reply to her scruples: "That's just nothing at all against the place, in my eyes. Why, Stock-bright keeps as peaceable, orderly house as you'll often see. And even if he didn't, the boys will be enough to keep them busy at home, to say nothing of their being good, orderly boys, fit to be trusted anywhere."

"Lead us not into temptation," repeated his wife, solemnly. "I tell you, husband, our boys are just like other boys in the desire to hear and

see something new; and this tavern would be sure to attract them."

"Well, what if it does? They won't be likely to see or hear anything very bad in a quiet, country tavern. I'll risk them."

"Can a man touch fire and not be burned?" persisted the mother. "There is always a set of idlers and loafers about a country tavern, who, if not actually vicious, are not the men whose influence upon unsuspecting, home-bred boys would be for good."

"I don't see any use in borrowing trouble, anyway," growled the farmer, as he carefully raked up the glowing embers of the fire, covering them with ashes preparatory to retiring for the night. "I never did believe in meetin' trouble half-way."

"That's just what I'm afraid we *should* be doing in buying this Stinchfield farm," was the grave reply; and for once Mrs. Grover actually had the "last word."

The morning came, and with it young Ben Stinchfield, an idle, worthless sort of a fellow, whom everybody predicted would be the ruin of his doting, old father, who, although he groaned over the bills that were presented to him, had not the nerve and determination to check the boy in his course of reckless extravagance.

"Well, Grover," he remarked, briefly, after the usual salutations. "What about that trade of ours? The old man had an offer, yesterday, of a hundred more than I offered it to you for, and he was for jumping at the offer, but I told him you had the refusal of it, and it wouldn't be fair to sell before we'd seen you again."

"Well—really, now—"

He spoke hesitatingly, but the young man eagerly interposed.

"You'd better take it. The fact is, if I'd only been cut out for a farmer, I might have run the place myself, now that the old man is too old to work. But I never could bring myself to it; and I think it's better to sell the place, even at a sacrifice, than to half work it."

The farmer mused thoughtfully.

"Is it a good neighborhood?" he asked at length.

"First rate—tip-top! Why, there's old Deacon Ingalls on one side and Squire Drummond on the other—likely folks, and as good neighbors as you'll find anywhere. But, come—what do you say? We must settle it somehow this morning, for the other man is waiting for his answer."

"I'll take it."

The die was cast; and although Mrs. Grover looked grave and anxious when she heard her husband's decision, she made no useless objections, only smiling indulgently at her children's outspoken pleasure and satisfaction.



"Such a fine farm, and at such a bargain!" was John's characteristic comment, while his younger brother and sister were jubilant over the prospect of plenty of schooling, with associates of their own age—a want that they seemed all at once to have discovered.

There were some tears shed, to be sure, on quitting the dear old home forever, and Rache gathered the bulbs and roots from her pet flower-beds with many a sigh, as she thought of the unpromising front yard of their new home, with only a few straggling lilacs among the rank witch-grass with which it was overrun.

But that was merely a question of time, and before a year had gone by the good taste and industry that had made so bright a spot of the old home had gone far toward beautifying and adorning the new.

Mrs. Stockbright, the landlady across the way, had proved herself a kind and obliging neighbor, and although rather rough and uncultivated in her way, her good-natured cordiality was accepted as an offset by Rache especially, who seemed to find a pleasant fascination in her society, at which even her father sometimes wondered.

"She is one of the best-hearted souls in the world," was the usual declaration with which the young girl met her mother's gentle remonstrances; and on one occasion she added, impulsively, and with a strange, angry flush upon her fair face: "If she don't make any pretensions to extra goodness, she is certainly much more charitable in her judgment of others than some who call themselves Christians, and forget that their Bible itself tells them that 'charity thinketh no evil.'"

It was a little odd, but that very evening, glancing from the window of his room, the farmer saw his daughter in company with a young man returning from a call upon her friend opposite; and as the two lingered at the gate, talking in low, earnest tones, the bright moonlight revealed to his gaze the handsome but evil face of Ben Stinchfield.

It was not a pleasant discovery, and a sad foreboding filled his heart when, in answer to his expressed disapproval, Rache only answered with a burst of tears, preserving, meanwhile, an obstinate silence, far more ominous in her case than words could have been.

He was not one to borrow trouble, as he repeated oftener and oftener to himself of late, and yet his heart sank within him when, one evening as they sat alone together—they were almost always alone evenings—his wife remarked, anxiously: "I am sorry that John is about the stable over there so much. He always was fond of a horse, but since we came here his liking seems to have grown to a perfect passion, and he spends every spare moment in helping the hostler groom and feed them."

"Well, what of it?"

He knew all this himself, but he was not going to say so, and his wife's face and tone grew sadder yet as she answered: "You must have seen for yourself, David, how much he has changed for the worse since we came here. I don't know why it is, but this constant association with brutes seems, somehow, to have roughened him—to have made him more of an animal and less of a man. I used to like to see him pet old Dobbin and the colts when we lived on the other place, and he never seemed any the worse for it. But now all his talk is about this or that horse's 'points,' and how far it can be made to go in a given time. It don't seem to be so much of affection for the poor animals as a selfish desire to make the most of their strength and muscle."

Just then the subject of their conversation entered, and, tossing his hat into a corner, sat moodily down before the fire, into which he gazed with a half frown, as if thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings.

The farmer himself first broke the silence.

"John," he said, gravely, "do you realize that you're one-and-twenty to-morrow?"

"I know it, of course," was the curt rejoinder. He had grown strangely disrespectful of late, and his parents, if they had said nothing, had felt it none the less keenly.

"I was going to say," resumed the farmer, with an effort, "that I had long since made up my mind to offer you, when the time came, a share in the farm. We can work together and divide our gains equally, or"—noticing the gathering frown upon his son's face—"any way that suits you best, for I only want my living out of it. All that I have will be my children's one of these days."

John hesitated for a moment, and then he answered, firmly: "I have made up my mind to give up farming and go into something that I like better."

A sharp pang of disappointment pierced the father's heart, but he managed to ask, with tolerable calmness: "What are you thinking of doing?"

"I've engaged to drive a team for Stockbright for the present; and if ever I get enough ahead, I mean to go to the city and open a livery stable. It's the height of my ambition to have the fastest stud of horses in B—; and I'll have them, too, if I live long enough."

The height of his ambition to keep a livery stable! His duty to God, to his parents, to his fellow-men thrust carelessly aside, while his highest aim in life was to be the owner of a fine lot of horses!

It was the shattering of a lifelong hope; for, since the day, twenty-one years ago, when David Grover had pressed to his broad breast the tiny form of his first-born son, had that son's future been connected in his own mind with his career.



And when the little fellow began to handle with sturdy fingers the hoe and spade, he had laughed gleefully over his "farmer boy," whom he merrily prophesied would, one day, "draw a straighter furrow and cut a wider swathe than his father himself could do." But now all these bright dreams had vanished, for he knew too well the determined nature of his eldest son to have any hope of turning him from his purpose. And as week after week passed by, and he saw him growing more coarse and profane amid his new surroundings and associates, his aching heart sent up day by day its weary cry for patience to bear his heavy burden.

The farm had proved productive, even beyond his expectations, and when the golden harvest days were over, when barns and granaries seemed bursting with their overflowing treasures, then, for a time, the proud husbandman, exulting in his success, forgot his troubles, and summoning his neighbors from far and near, commenced preparations for one of the greatest husking-parties that had ever been seen in Thinoor.

"I'll show them what can be made out of this place by a man that understands his business, and isn't afraid to put his own hand to the plow!" he said more than once, with a kind of angry satisfaction, as he remarked his daughter's flushed cheeks, and knew that she understood his hint; for Ben Stinchfield's trustless face had been seen oftener of late at the tavern opposite, and Rache's company was more often in demand by her friend the landlady.

And the evening came, the neighbors assembled, and all was mirth and jollity, while the farmer's heart beat high with pride and triumph as he listened to the complimentary remarks of his guests upon his skill and industry.

"Old Stinchfield was a pretty fair farmer, but he never raised such a crop as this in his life," were the words that more than once reached his ears, producing a corresponding feeling of exultation in the listener, who, as he walked proudly up the path that led to the house on some trivial errand, felt himself, in every bone and muscle of his stout frame, a true monarch of the soil.

"What is this?" he asked, as hastily pushing open the kitchen door, he came suddenly upon his wife and daughter, the latter in tears, while her mother looked grave and somewhat puzzled, he thought, as he repeated his question: "What is the trouble, wife? Anything gone wrong?"

Mrs. Grover half-smiled at her husband's anxious face, as she replied: "It was Rache's dress—that's all. I reproved her for wearing that thin, white muslin, when her new brown thibet would have been so much more suitable. And instead of answering me she began to sob and cry, just as if I'd said something really unkind and cruel."

"Poor child! She's all tired out, and it makes her nervous. But I ran in to say that you'd better

make the coffee pretty soon, for they'll be ready for supper before long now. Rache, you may—"

But Rache was gone. She had slipped out just after her father came in; and with a promise to send both her and Wesley in to help finish the preparations for supper, the farmer went back to his guests.

Wesley was found, but Rache was nowhere to be seen, and concluding that she must already have returned to the house, her father troubled himself no further about the matter.

But when the confusion attendant upon serving the supper and clearing the great barn floors, preparatory to the dance that was expected to come off there, was over, the farmer began to wonder at his daughter's non-appearance—a wonder that was changed into anger as, at the first sound of the musician's violin, he saw her approaching to take her place among the dancers, leaning upon the arm of Ben Stinchfield.

The hot, angry blood flushed the farmer's face, as he noted the air of easy effrontery with which the young man entered, uninvited, his neighbor's premises, nor was his anger lessened at sight of his daughter's pale cheeks and downcast eyes, as she languidly kept time to the inspiring music.

"It's the last time he'll ever set foot in my house," he muttered to himself; and with an effort he set himself to work to entertain, in his homely, hearty, country fashion, the few elderly friends who yet lingered to watch the young people at their sports.

But one by one these, too, dropped off, and he stood alone just outside the great, folding, barn doors, through which a broad band of light streamed across the path beyond; and as he stood there, silent and thoughtful, out into that illuminated space came the two whose faces had haunted him continually for the last two hours. He saw the arm about his daughter's waist, the warm kisses pressed upon her lips, while upon the still night air he could distinguish a murmur of encouragement and tenderness. In a moment more he was beside them; his hand grasped the young man's shoulder with a grip like iron, as he fairly hissed through his set teeth: "You rascal! Didn't I tell you never to set foot in my house again?"

"That was some time ago; and relationship makes all the difference in the world. It's a foul bird that befouls its own nest, Father Grover."

The cool insolence, the cruel exultation of the tone and manner were all lost in the terrible significance of that word, and the strong man reeled dizzily to and fro, like one in the last extremity, but his daughter's voice recalled his scattered senses, and it was with something akin to pity that he listened to her faltering words: "I loved him so well that I—I could not give him up, even to please you;" and she stretched out her hand imploringly, but the gesture was unheeded.

"Where—when were you—married?"

The word seemed as if it would choke him, but the other answered, glibly: "To-night, at the tavern, by my friend, Stockbright. He's a justice of the peace, you know."

"Forgive me, father—only say that you forgive me!" sobbed Rache, interrupting her husband's explanation, and the trembling hands were again stretched out pleadingly.

But the shock both to his pride and love had been too great, and in a tone hoarse with passion David Grover ordered them sternly from his premises.

"Go to your friends across the way," he said, bitterly, "for I will never countenance your deceit by opening my doors to you."

The young husband laughed scornfully—a laugh that drowned the piteous sobbing of his bride, as, turning away from the shelter of her home—hers no longer—they returned to their expectant and waiting friends (?) over the way.

Another year had passed away, and David Grover's heart sank more heavily day by day as he marked his wife's fast whitening hair and the piteous lines of patient endurance about her sad mouth, while her eyes had come to wear a strange, startled look, that would sometimes change into actual terror at the sound of her younger son's often unsteady footsteps at the door; for, strange as it may seem, even the gentle, studious boy—the "mother's student"—had found his temptation in the shape of that maddening draught of which the tempter still whispers in his victim's ear: "*Drink and ye shall be as gods.*"

To the poetic, dreamy temperament of Wesley Grover there was a wonderful fascination in the intoxicating cup, with its bright, bewildering fancies and delicious madness.

"The taste of spirits makes a poet, a warrior of me," he would say, in answer to his mother's agonized entreaties. "I know that it is ruining me, soul and body, but I am too weak to resist the temptation. The smell, the very sight of it, maddens me, and for the time I forget everything else in a fierce craving for it."

And so the time passed away, and winter with its frosts and snows was upon them once more; little heeded, to be sure, in the farmer's warm and comfortable home, although Mrs. Grover whispered through her fast-dropping tears, as she drew from one of her well-filled chests an extra blanket for her son's bed and suspended it before the blazing fire: "Poor, little Rache! Would to God that I could know that she is comfortable even this bitter cold night, in her far-off city home."

And as a fiercer blast swept over the shuddering farm-house, her husband, too, echoed the prayer in his own heart.

Suddenly his wife started to her feet.

"What is that?" she whispered, fearfully. "I

thought I heard a child cry out there in the storm."

Both listened for a moment, and then the farmer moved hastily toward the door. As he opened it the drifting snow rushed in, almost extinguishing the light, but bearing with it that low, piteous wail, whose terrible significance they were quick to comprehend.

"Here, wife, quick! take the light. There is somebody here on the door-step."

And, flinging aside the snow, the still strong man lifted in his arms the cloaked and hooded form that had lain without sound of motion on the snow-covered door-stone.

"Take the baby!" he exclaimed, energetically, as his trembling wife advanced with the warmed blanket, and placing the wailing infant in her arms, he proceeded to remove the frozen cloak and hood from the silent figure, when suddenly a cry broke from his lips, so full of horror, of agony, that his wife started from her chair with a stifled shriek, pressing the baby convulsively to her breast as she listened: "It's she! O Rache—my poor, little Rache!" And tearing off the shrouding garments, he clasped the insensible form to his breast with a strange, fierce tenderness. "She is ours once more," he cried, wildly. "In death, perhaps, but ours at last, thank God!" And he kissed tenderly the cold lips that now, for the first time, showed signs of life.

In a few moments the blue eyes unclosed, and a smile of tender joy passed over the wan face as she felt her father's caresses.

"I came all the way from B—— on foot," she murmured, brokenly. "I had no money, for he—had gone away and left us to—starve."

"No, no!" and the father almost shrieked the words in his agony. "To live—to be happy once more in the old home."

"Too late!" The words were scarcely more than a whisper, but the pale face had grown strangely bright as, returning her mother's kiss, she feebly stretched out her arms for her baby.

Fondly the white lips were pressed to the wee face nestling on her breast; then, with an upward look and a smile of ineffable tenderness, her head sank back upon its pillow, a crimson tide burst from the parted lips, the slight form grew rigid, and poor Rache was at rest in the arms of Eternal Love.

"It's all the fault of that tavern over the way. He's been in the habit of hanging about it ever since he was a boy. No wonder he don't amount to much."

Farmer Grover sprang from his bed, rubbing his eyes and trying hard to swallow down the sob with which his throat was filled. He paused for a moment bewildered, as through the half-open door of his bed-room he heard Rache say, in answer to her brother's remark: "I heard his sister, Lotty

Stinchfield, say once, that that tavern had been the ruin of her brother; and she wished her father had sold out years ago."

"He won't sell out to me," muttered the listener, with a feeling of such intense relief as he had never before in his life experienced. And as he entered the cheerful, sunshiny kitchen, where Rache, with her bright face and light step, was busy preparing breakfast as usual, he did what was a very strange thing for him to do—took the dear girl in his arms and kissed forehead, cheek and lips, just as he used to do in her baby days.

"Why, father," she stammered, laughing and blushing in her girlish fashion; "you almost frightened me, you took me so by surprise."

"I dreamed that you were lost to me, Rache," he said, with a shudder, and that was all he said about it.

But, years afterward, when young John Lane, the purchaser of the Stinchfield farm, applied to him for money to pay off the mortgages on his land, then, with the old memories busy at his heart, he told to his wondering children the story of that night's unwritten prophecies, which he ended with the solemn declaration: "I may be superstitious, but I honestly believe that that dream was sent to warn me; and I never have been sorry yef that I heeded it"—a conclusion that each heartily subscribed to in their own hearts.

MRS. H. G. ROWE.

### MOTHER.

THE following beautiful tribute to her mother is from the pen of the late Mrs. S. A. Wentz:

When she changed worlds, and before the time, what was she to others? A small, old, delicate woman. *What was she to us?* A radiant, smiling angel, upon whose brow the sunshine of the eternal world had fallen. We looked into her large, tender eyes, and saw not as others did, that her mortal garment had waxed old and feeble; or, if we saw this, it was no symbol of decay, for beyond and within we recognized her in all her beauty. Old! how heavy and bitter would have been her long and slow decline, if we had seen her grow old instead of young. The days that hastened to give her birth into eternity, grew brighter and brighter, until, when memory wandered back, it had no experiences so sweet as those through which she was passing. The long life, with its youthful romance, its prosaic cares, its quiet sunshine and deep tragedies, was culminating to its earthly close; and like some blessed story that appeals to the heart in its great pathos, the end was drawing near, all clouds were rolling away, and she was stepping forth into the brilliancy of prosperity. Selfishness ceased to weep under the light of her cheerful glance, and grew to be congratulation. Beside her couch we sat, and traced

with loving fancy the new life soon to open before her; with tears and smiles we traced it. Doubts never mingled, for from earliest childhood we had no memories of her inconsistent with the expectations of a Christian. Deep in our souls there lay gratitude that her morning drew near; beautiful and amazing it seemed that she would never more bow to the stroke of the chastener; fresh courage descended from on high, as we realized that there was an end to suffering; it was difficult to credit that her discipline was nearly over; how brief it had been, compared with the glorious existence it had won her. How passing sweet were her assurances that she should leave us awhile longer on earth with child-like trust, knowing that our own souls needed to stay, and that the destiny of others needed it. But the future seemed very near to her, and she saw us gathered around her in her everlasting home. She grew weaker, and said her last words to us. Throughout the last day she said but little, but often her tender eyes were riveted upon us; they said: "Farewell! farewell!" In the hush of the chamber, a faint, æolian-like strain came from her dying lips; it sounded as if it came from afar; then the angels were taking her to their companionship. She softly fell asleep, resigning her worn-out body to us, and she entered Heaven.

Ah! do we apprehend what a glorious event it is for the "pure in heart" to die? We look upon the bride's beauty, and see, in the vista before her, anguish and tears, and but transient sunshine. The beauty fades, the splendor of life declines to the worldly eyes that gaze upon her. Deaf and blind are such gazers, for the bride may daily be winning imperishable beauty, yet it is not for this world. A most sad and melancholy thing it seems when children of a larger growth judge their parents by their frail and decaying bodies, rather than by their spirits. And more deeply sad still is it, when the aged learn through the young to feel that the freshness of existence has gone by with them. Gone by? when they are waiting to be born into a new and vast existence that shall roll on in increasing majesty and never reach an end! Gone by? when they have just entered life, as it were! The glory and sweetness of living is going by only with those who are turning away their faces from the Prince of Peace.

Sweet mother! she is breathing vernal airs now, and with every breath a spring-like life and joy are wafted through her being. Mother beautiful and beloved! some sweet, embryo joy fills the chambers of my heart as I contemplate the scenes with which she is becoming familiar. Dead and dreary winter robes the earth, and autumn leaves lie under the snow like past hopes; but what of them? I see only the smile of God's sunshine. I see in the advancing future love and peace—only infinite peace!

## BITTIBAT FARM.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

O cozie with little, and cantie with mair,  
 Awhile we foregather with sorrow and care,  
 But we'll give them a hoist as they're hirplin' along  
 With a smile up to heaven and a heart full of song.  
 A twelvemonth of sorrow, if that us befall,  
 One night of good fellowship swallows it all.  
 When we've reached the bright end of our journey at  
 last,

Oh, whoever thinks on the way he has passed?

*Altered from BURNS.*

## CHAPTER I.

"That thee is sent receive in humbleness,  
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall."

CHAUCER.—*Lines on his death-bed.*

IT was near five o'clock. The business train to Ackton stood on its track in Boston depot, and the business men and women of "Ackton and way-stations" were hurrying through the gates, a dense, black, silent force. The women with white, still, stricken faces, lifted up and thrust forward; the men bowed, black-browed, desperate. No one spoke. Some little children, who had come up to assist in mother's shopping, looked around bewildered and oppressed. These mothers had an eager, excited look. They had made good bargains to-day. Other women, fortunately not mothers, were crushed, appalled; they had lost good places to-day.

One among these last held her head high; it stood upon the white pillar of her neck like a statue of courage on a column. Her eyes were large, gray, brilliant. They gazed straight onward, but saw nothing; their sight was inward, looking upon a brain clear, orderly, admirably disposed. They inspected plans which the active mind unfolded; these were pronounced faulty and thrown out; others seemed feasible, they were ticketed and put upon a convenient shelf; some were plausible, they were placed together; they should be tried and proved. \* \* \*

The day was Saturday, September 28th, 1873; the girl Rachel Throgmorton. The wife of Sir Walter Raleigh was Elizabeth Throgmorton. Rachel claimed kinship with Lady Raleigh. Of course she was a New Englander.

September 28th. One week ago yesterday the failure of Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, had shaken the business world to its centre. Rachel had read the account at her home, Bittibat Farm, while Genevieve and Edny had stopped their ciphering, and Melicent her machine, to hear, and Leonice had said: "Oh, why don't you read something we care about? Let me have the paper, and you go to work!" And although Rachel was the eldest daughter, and Leonice the youngest, she had obeyed, yielded the coveted paper to the

beauty whom her sisters would not believe was "spoiled," and taken to finishing off the work that flowed endlessly from Melicent's machine.

"I have news now, Miss Leo, that you will have to care about," said Rachel, sighing drearily.

It was so near winter, and scarce anything had been raised on the farm that year. And—they were out of work!

Six weeks before, the father of Rachel had gone to his eternal home, and she had lifted to her strong, young shoulders the burden that he laid down. She had lifted it, poised it, stood erect, said, "I can do it!" and walked on with the family upon her shoulders. The family included three sisters—the eldest, Melicent, being twenty—one brother, a mother and grandmother, two cows, a yearling heifer, one horse, thirty hens, two cats, a parrot and forty acres of land.

The land had gone to waste that year, for one February day the father had been brought home crushed, bleeding, helpless, stricken in the full vigor of healthful manhood, every organ and muscle perfect in strength—no vital part injured, but the mortal frame so terribly broken as no joiner on earth had skill to mend—and he lay and wasted away day after day, month after month, lay and suffered to death. The nursing required had been simply incessant. From minute to minute no rest, no pause for mind or body. The mother and Rachel shared this tender labor. Six hours in the sick-room, six in bed for the mother; six hours in the sick-room, six at household labor for the tireless Rachel. For the grandmother was a delicate old lady, who had never done housework, but who made, mended and darned without ceasing, and received company in the softest of gray silks and real lace caps. Melicent and Genevieve kept the family mill in grist by their machine-sewing; Edny and Leonice attended school. Who was to do the necessary housework but Rachel? They could not hire a girl.

Mrs. Throgmorton, a delicate woman bred by her lady mother, had borne the fatiguing nursing with a strength beyond her power. When that care was removed, she lay down in her bed and said she never would rise again.

Through those seven months that the father had lain motionless, lifted in the sheet morning and night by neighbors who came without hire—his whole sensitive body aching from immobility, from inability to change the position of a single muscle—no groan, not one impatient word, had escaped his lips; no gloom had dimmed his cheerful eyes, whose living blue seemed borrowed from the sun-bright heavens, on which they were always fixed. But his mind had retained its full vigor and sovereignty over the body to the last. It was the mother's mind which suffered—the nervous body which ruled the diseased brain. That one month of watching by her mother's bedside was



more exhaustive to Rachel than the whole seven by her father's.

The dreadful experience of death through which these girls were passing for the first time, crushed, blinded them. Fain would they have wrapped themselves in desolation as in a garment, and sat, like the Jews of old, their house in disorder, themselves in despair, refusing to be comforted for him who "was not," till the dead was buried out of their sight, they knew not where. But this could not be. The house was full of people—kindly neighbors, with hushed looks and whispered words, going and coming. Strange women were constantly asking where this, that or the other could be found. Strange men were wanting to know where the ice should be put, the grave dug and what sort of a coffin was wanted. The minister was asking for particulars concerning the life of the deceased, the choir-leader was asking about hymns, the sexton about family connections.

Oh, how good it was to have Aunt and Uncle Jeffers there to answer all these questions, take all this responsibility, and receive the funeral visits.

None of this necessary work could be done in the mother's room. The scratching of a pen set her teeth on edge; the regular movement of the seamstress' arm prevented sleep; the smell of flowers sickened her.

Mellicent could not sit with the patient, for the silent twilight recalled another darker, more silent room across the passage, and her tears would flow, restraintless and uncontrollable. Genie could not sit still five minutes without thinking of the hundred and one things she ought to be at, and her excited state reacted upon the invalid most painfully. Leonice, poor child! must talk or she would die, and talk the mother could not bear. The grandmother was needed below stairs constantly. So Rachel must, perforce, sit with cheerful face and mind at ease, watching the sufferer, who could not be left alone, yet resented the smallest attention. All she wanted was the psychal influence of "a quiet soul"—calm, strong nerves, holding her own in abeyance. Rachel understood this without study, as the first loving woman's heart knew by instinct all those things that doctors have been discovering since time began. She knew that her mother's life depended on her own perfect quietness—quiet of soul, mind and body—a quiet not of despair, which is the suggestion of a tumult, but of perfect, contented faith.

## CHAPTER II.

"Without God in the world! The man who is without God in the world has broken the chain that binds him to the throne of the universe."—WEBSTER.

**W**ELL might Rachel have patience with the mother whose unhinged reason hung wavering to and fro in every draught and vapor. She

suffered a mental anguish to which the red-hot, tripod-crown of Caillet was but a slight torment. Through many days and nights she was haunted by one vision whose constant and unvarying repetition amounted nearly to frenzy.

Whenever she closed her eyes she saw her husband, every muscle quivering with pain, helpless, immobile, in the grasp of four strong men, who said: "Throw him out and let him die! He's no better than a corpse now!" And they would fling him suddenly into the jaws of a great cave of black stone, hard as iron, cold as death! His pailid face disappeared in the voiceless gloom. She listened with tense nerves to hear the final crash when his life should be dashed out against that pitiless floor. But she never heard it. After waiting, as it seemed to her, for hours, she would shriek and awake. Then she would be tormented with a temptation, which said: "If you will tell this vision you will never see it again." Yet would she have burned at the stake rather than tell it. For she believed it the outcome of a quickened conscience—that somewhere, in some distant and unknown region of her spirit, a corner she had never visited, must have been stored away that murderous thought against her husband. Some night, perhaps, when her conscience slept, although widely-opened eyes mechanically watched each slightest movement of the dying man, she had thought, and been unconscious of the thought: "Let him die! He is no better than a corpse now!" The idea was terrible. That another should guess it, that another should faintly suspect her of wishing the death of so tender and loving a consort, increased the terror. Moreover, the men who committed this horrible deed were not demons, they were old friends and kinsfolks. The faces changed; they were now these, now those, yet always they who had come without bidding, morning and night, to lift her husband in the sheet upon a cool, newly-made bed. She had been so grateful to them, had wished in many ways to reward them for their unspeakable kindness! And now, to conceive them engaged in that heinous act, was like doubting that kindness; was to believe them capable of wishing his death, of loathing a duty performed only to gain praise among men. It was to believe them guilty of hypocrisy and falsehood. She was a traitor to friendship, disloyal to love. She was a thing accursed! And the tempter said: "You can earn forgetfulness by revealing your crime." Horrible thought! She would bear the consequences of her sin rather than stain her children's pure fidelity with the knowledge of their mother's guilt; she would bear it even to the grave—it should be buried with her.

As Mrs. Throgmorton's strength increased, the dreadful incubus left her, but another temptation assailed her. Why had God sent such a vision? And she cried out, in the spirit of Chevalier



Lahire of old: "If I were God, and God were Isabel Jeffers, Isabel Jeffers would not have been so cruel to God."

One day she sat upright in her bed and said: "Rachel, there is no God!"

Rachel was startled, not shocked. Her heart responded: "I know it." The fool hath, in his heart, said the same many and many a time since God said: "Let there be light." \* \* \*

Night after night, as her sisters slept with "Our Father who art in Heaven" resting on their trustful lips, she waked and said: "I don't believe there is a God."

She waked and watched, cold and lifeless, and utterly wretched! This unbelief gave her no happiness. To have no faith in God meant to have no pleasure in life; no strength to endure; no hope to sustain; to see no good thing; no reason, no use in continuing on. She was a puppet that had come into the world without desire, moved through it without volition, struggled, and fought, and suffered, for what? To keep the spark in her heart alive, which would go out at last, in spite of all effort, which no cunning, nor skill, nor wisdom could keep ever burning. It would go out at last. And then?—Rachel set herself on the foot of the old-fashioned bed, and leaned against its high, corner post.

"Yes," said her lips, and her eyes looked fixedly at her mother. "Yes, there is a God." Her heart looked into utter darkness, and made no response.

"No," said the mother, "I don't believe it."

Said Rachel: "If my mother gets into my way of thinking, in her weak state, she will go insane." And she repeated: "You must believe it. For there is a God."

The mother lay back on her heaped-up pillows.

"If there is a God, why did He let my husband suffer so? A good man, a good man tried by every law laid down in the Bible. He believed the Bible; he believed God; he was one of His most sincere and loving children. Then why did He let him suffer so?"

"Mother," cried Rachel, quickly, "do you wish that father had died sooner?"

The mother sat up again, and breathed quick and short.

"Do you wish that he had lost his senses: not retained all his faculties to the last?"

"No!" said the mother, sharp and sudden.

"Then how could God have eased his pain?"

The mother laid herself back again, and her large, white lids fell and rose in quick sweeps over her burning eyes.

"There must be a God," said Rachel. "God is true!" And all at once her dead heart awoke as from a swoon, crying: "There is a God. I know it! One can make himself believe anything by constant iteration," thought Rachel, angry with

herself. "Why did I keep repeating I don't believe? Did I really desire to doubt? I did not have to say there is! one half so long before I became convinced of its truth." Then a sudden, hot wave of shame swept all over her soul. A bitter drop of sorrow mingled with it as she thought of the many hours she had lost in trying to make herself believe in unbelief. Hours in which she had permitted her vigorous mind to be used by devils as a gate to enter into the world, and had given up to them her clean heart as a stronghold—the heart and the mind God had bestowed upon her wherewith to help others. "Still," she thought, "this bitter trial was perhaps needed, so that I could understand better how to help poor mamma. Then, I am glad for it!"

"It is a good thing, a blessed thing!" continued Rachel, "to get nearer the heart of people. To know how kind our neighbors are. Milly and I have often spoken of it lately. Of the false ideas we had got in our heads at boarding-school. We did not feel as if we were a part of the world, but as if we stood away up and beyond it. And we were impressed with a sort of a mission to reform the world. Now I find that I am only one of the ants of the human ant-hill. I can't teach them to build different hills, nor I can't carry all their burdens. And I don't see as it is needed. They all seem capable of looking out for themselves, and ready enough to share their grain with a neighbor. And quite as ready to help me as I to help them."

Then the mother told all the story of her frenzied dream.

"Why should God have sent me that temptation?" she asked.

"Indeed, mother," said Rachel, "I think you are wrong in retaining that sickly image in your thought, and magnifying it into a temptation and trial. Your physical sufferings made an image of themselves in your mind, as might be made in a looking-glass of a person in great pain. But when the visage passes from before the glass it retains no impression. Neither should your mind. Our Heavenly Father did not send that dream, He tried to remove it from you. The impulse you felt to tell the vision was a direct prompting from Him, but it was colored and distorted by the turbid medium of your mind. The clearest sunbeam falling into a dusty room seems to be a rag of dust itself. And as the dust can only be seen in the sunshine, a child always thinks that there is none anywhere else; that the sunbeam creates the dust."

The brown eyes had grown very soft, the lids fluttered down and lay still.

The mother slept.

"I hope she is convinced; I am," said Rachel, and sliding softly down upon the floor at the foot of the bed busied herself with setting stays in navy shirts.

## CHAPTER III.

"Faint with hunger, Hiawatha  
 Forth into the flush of sunset  
 Came, to wrestle with Mondamin.  
 At his touch he felt new courage  
 Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
 Felt new life, and hope, and vigor  
 Run through every nerve and fibre.  
 So they wrestled there together  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 And the more they strove and struggled  
 Stronger still grew Hiawatha."

LONGFELLOW.

UPON their return from boarding-school, Rachel and Melicent Throgmorton had each purchased a sewing-machine, and undertaken the making of ladies' undergarments, as a work that brought money to the family till, and kept them both at home. They did not like teaching, yet preferred to earn the money to hire a kitchen-maid rather than go into the kitchen themselves.

When the father's fatal accident took the breadwinner from the family, and added the great expense of sickness, Genie had left school and taken her place at Rachel's machine, and the making of navy shirts had been added to the white clothes. By the arrangement of working for two firms, not a minute of a working day was left without employment.

On the last Saturday of every month Rachel—as the business woman of the family—went to the city with her account books, and received the pay from both firms.

Meanwhile Edny and Leonice worked the farm. Edny was fourteen, Leonice scarcely twelve. It is not surprising that they had cut no hay, and had but little to store in the cellar. They had no resource save thirty cords of wood, the cutting of which had been started before the father's hurt. Rachel had paid the wood-cutters with a check on the bank; she had thus also paid doctor's fees and funeral expenses; she had settled all outstanding bills in the same way. She now began to wonder how much there was in the bank, and whether, by constantly taken out and never putting in one might not soon come to the bottom—the bottom of a fund which her father had put by for the sacred exigencies of sickness and death. No, that must not be drawn from more.

On this Saturday morning Rachel had appeared herself, feeling a pleasure which was delight in every delicate, daintily-trimmed garment. She saved the expressage on one package of work by taking it up with her. When she got her bundle from the baggage-car she poised it on her shoulder, and holding it in place by a finger slipped under the cord, started at her usual, quick pace through the long depot. So swiftly she walked that she soon overtook the last men from

Quarly, and one, as usual, offered to carry her bundle to the street-car.

He was walking very slowly, "Gove" Sparkler hight, so wealthy that haste and *handles* were alike needless. Most people called him simply Gove. Every one knew who that meant. Goveneur Sparkler, son of "Col. Gove," brother to Leroy Sparkler, president of the Boston and Ackton Railroad. A modest bachelor, who owned ships on every sea, and mines in every State, who tilled a wide ancestral domain, and always wore the finest of broadcloth and linen, pearly-gray, speckless, spotless, creaseless. Rachel fairly basked in his beauty. His face was not particularly handsome, a round, rosy, good-natured countenance, as unintellectual as his rotund body, set on stubby legs, but his *clothes* were irresistible.

So they walked and talked together, she paying court to his immaculate habiliments, and he to a long line of defunct and dusty Throgmortons and MacCallum Mores. Rachel's grandma Jeffers—hold your breath!—was a born MacCallum More! There! But the aroma of a pedigree reaching back to the flood would not have prevented Rachel from feeling very hungry after a seven hours' unsuccessful search for work, and it was with a heavy heart she took the evening train for Quarly.

The train stopped at Quarly. Rachel ran through the depot to where Edny stood, holding Donna by the nose.

"Get in, Edny!" she cried, springing into the buggy. "There is no bundle for you to go after to-night."

"Why not?"

"I haven't got any work."

"There's the list of things you are to buy."

"I can't get them; I've no money."

"Why not?"

"Drive me up to Bronson Brown's, and I'll tell you all about it."

"To Bronson Brown's?"

"Yes, straight away. I'm going to try and get coats to make. Wekebach & Limberneeze, of Baltimore, have failed. Haven't you heard?"

"Yes, the news came by telegraph, this morning. What of it?"

"Why, all the clothing stores are involved; they can't give us any more work nor pay a cent, either of our men. They said they'd send the money before Christmas. It isn't likely they will, though."

"Of course they can't if they fail," said Edny. "But won't Bronson Brown be involved, too?"

"I think not. He makes coats for the Southern market; has nothing to do with home firms. Oh, why don't Donna go faster? Do whip her!"

But the old farm-horse could not be induced to change her steady, go-to-meeting gait.

"I guess they'll wonder where we are," said Edny. "Supper was waiting."

"Well they'll keep it hot for us," answered Rachel. "What was there for supper?"

"Milk-toast, cream-cheese and a baked apple-dumpling that has been kept warm in the oven all the afternoon."

Rachel's mouth watered.

"Oh, I am so, so glad! I'm fearfully hungry."

"You are? why?"

"I've had no dinner. I had not money to get any."

"Why, that's too bad!" exclaimed Edny, suddenly drawing in the reins.

"Why, you aren't going to turn around right here, are you? Pray go on. I guess I shall live through it."

So they came to Bronson Brown, who dwelt in the front part of a linen-coat factory, or else manufactured coats in the back part of his dwelling. Mr. B. was willing to furnish coats. Would bring them on his regular Tuesday morning rounds. He could not let her take them home, certainly not. He never entered the shop after business hours. Never! He made that a rule. He did not believe—Mr. Bronson Brown did not—in bringing the shop into the family.

On Tuesday, Bronson Brown's sloop-work wagon invaded the hitherto inviolate precincts of Bittibat. It stopped before her door—Mrs. Throgmorton's door. A low-bred, sloop-work man was telling her daughters how linen-coats were made, and opening sickly-smelling bundles on her dining-room table. The Throgmorton's ancestral mahogany! \* \* \* \*

Mr. Brown's man said, when he made his next round, that Mr. Brown would settle at the end of the month. So the family stitched and ironed, and ironed and stitched, and wound up their back hair in a hurry, and ran up grocery bills. But at the end of the month it was not convenient for anybody to settle. Still they took more coats, and stitched and ironed, and began practicing economy. They gave up tea, save a cupful without sugar, if they were tired of an evening, and the day's stint not done. Mamma had to go without pudding at dinner and cake at tea, compromising with a baked apple and sugar to leave a sweet taste in her mouth. They nearly lived on apples. 'Twas wonderful, the amount of food and variety of dishes Genie evolved from this simple fruit. \* \*

Still clicked the machines till late into the night; the irons were never off the stove. When Brown's man refused to leave any more work, Melicent went to the factory and demanded it. Mr. B. told her plainly that he doubted he could pay for what she had already done. She said she would trust him.

"Great is thy faith, O woman!" quoted Bronson Brown, and brought her out the coats.

"We might as well do this as nothing," said Milly to her sisters, "and if he can only pay fifty

cents on the dollar, why, the more dollars he is owing us the more fifty cents we shall get."

They looked upon Bronson Brown's failure as a foregone conclusion.

Milly had been out that day trying to get stitching from the dressmakers. But they had none to be done. All the Quarly ladies had suddenly taken to the trade themselves—and taken the bread also from their needlewomen's mouths.

"If you will get me the pupils I will teach music," said timid Melicent.

To this end had she been educated. Therefore, to solicit attention to her sister's claims, went Rachel forth with her usual confident mien. She came back with her head still higher, her white throat more prominent, not from triumph, but from indignation. Dr. Paine Spiller's daughter from Ackton was before her in the field.

"She comes over twice a week on the train, and Mrs. Leroy Sparkler meets her at the depot in her own carriage, and drives her around town, and allows her to give several lessons on her own piano. Wonder if she'd do it if Miss Spiller could not afford to buy walking-boots!"

"Of course not!" cried Melicent, aggrieved.

"But everybody will go to her because she is Dr. Paine Spiller's daughter and Mrs. Sparkler's *protigé*, even if she can't teach half so well as I."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Never give up! For the wisest is boldest,

Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;

And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,

Is the true watchword of—never give up!"

ONLY one way presented itself. Rachel must beg a situation in Uncle Jeffers' store. She dressed herself in gorgeous array one Indian summer afternoon, whose influence benign might have melted the very North pole, and having had Donna curried and rubbed to the last degree, and equipped in harness newly oiled, drove herself and Leonice over to Uncle Jeffers'. Uncle Jeffers despised poverty and hated a poor man. Had Rachel walked down in shabby boots, a cloud and a faded shawl, and begged work to keep the family from starving, her maternal uncle would have shut the door in her face. Yet he had a kind heart at bottom. Neither Rachel nor her sisters would ever forget his kindness during their father's last illness and the week that followed.

Rachel, in such a hat as only her mother's tasteful fingers could devise, freshly-bronzed boots and kid gloves donned, when she came in sight of the house, merely wished to consult with Uncle Jeffers concerning the wood. Uncle Gardiner had advised them not to sell until spring, as everybody was rushing wood into the market, and it was very cheap. Did Uncle Jeffers agree with Uncle Gardiner?

Said Uncle Jeffers, throwing back his shining bald head: "What are you girls going to do this winter?" and settled his double chin in his capacious throat and pursed his judicial lips.

Rachel gave a merry and unembarrassed little laugh. "I suppose we shall work the same as usual. But it is not about ourselves I came to speak, but our cows. We shall need some English hay, and I thought of selling wood to get it."

We shall need some English hay! What assurance! Did not Uncle Jeffers know that the mow was empty, and their cattle living on corn-stalks?

"Do you know how much hay is a ton?" with a fateful frown and slow and dreadful twiddling of the thumbs.

"Forty dollars, the papers say," replied Rachel, cheerily.

"Humph!" snorted Uncle Jeffers, taken all aback. "The papers say forty dollars, do they? Humph! Well, you can get hay about here for twenty-five dollars!"

Rachel, surmising a trap, concealed her delight and surprise under a doubtful, "What, really! Good English hay?"

"No!" roared Uncle Jeffers. "The poorest sort of snail hay. One load of it would starve a cow!"

Rachel laughed. Her uncle had not intended a joke, but, tickled with her applause, a fat smile wound its slow way among the creases in his face, and he asked, with less asperity: "Where are you going to get your hay?"

The only way to bring Uncle Jeffers to a point was to make him angry. The angrier he got, the more amicable was the result; so said Rachel, saucily: "If we had the money, I think we could get hay enough anywhere."

"Hay enough!" roared Uncle Jeffers. "You're a fool! Hay is scarce, girl! Mighty scarce! Now, do you women think that you can keep those three cows all winter, and hay at forty dollars a ton in November? I tell you it will be fifty before spring! Fifty dollars, girl! And scarce at that! I tell you you are a fool!"

"Don't, MacCallum," said Aunt Leonice, soothingly, and she left the side of the little beauty, whom none of her relatives believed spoiled, to lay a hand on her husband's easy chair. She was a very lovely and stately lady, this Aunt Leonice, pronounced in four syllables.

MacCallum could not roar with any degree of fierceness while she stood there. That nettled him.

"I say she's a fool!" he growled. "She's a fool, and her mother is a fool! A parcel of women-folks, what do they know about cows?"

Rachel, with indifferent mein, inquired: "What do you advise us to do with our cows?"

"Sell to the butcher!"

"Gracious!" cried Rachel, for the first time showing emotion. "They are not fat enough! He wouldn't give two cents a pound! And two times four hundredweight comes to just eight dollars! Sell a good Jersey cow for eight dollars! Think of it!"

"That's the bother of Jerseys; they're never fat enough to kill. Why do you keep Jerseys? Dreadful expensive creatures!"

"For milk, sir."

"Humph! You'll be glad enough to give 'em away before spring, to keep 'em from dying on your hands. But nobody'll be fool enough to take 'em."

"Meanwhile we shall have had the sale of their milk, besides the food that it makes us. Now, uncle, I don't suppose there is any food in the world so cheap as milk. There is more nutrition and satisfaction in ten cents' worth of milk than in anything we can buy for ten cents."

Uncle Jeffers made no reply. Clearly, Rachel was getting the best of it.

Aunt Nicie went back to her namesake, who was making Jip speak for pop-corn.

"Do you think we better sell the wood, or take the money from the bank?" pursued Rachel, with the air of a millionaire.

"You would not sell oak-wood for five dollars a cord, would you? And I have seen it selling for four-fifty to-day. Four-fifty and hauled to the house!"

"We only paid one-fifty for cutting."

"Well, but you want to make more than three dollars on a cord, don't you? Why that don't pay for the time it's been growing!"

"Nor the carbonic acid it's consumed. Will it be more in the spring?"

"More? I should think so! I tell you we are going to have a long, cold winter! A long, cold winter, girl! And people will be glad to give eight dollars a cord before May."

"If they have the eight dollars, sir."

"Well put in, girl," chuckled Uncle Jeffers, and then abruptly, "Which one are you?"

"The eldest—Rachel."

"Yes, Rachel. Well, Rachel, how would you like to go into the store awhile?"

Ever since his mother had mentioned the subject, MacCallum had intended making this offer; but out of revenge for their keeping the farm and stock on which he had had an eye all summer, he determined that the family should feel want before he offered relief.

Rachel, not knowing of the grandmother's interference, was astonished; still she asked, grandiloquently: "How much do you pay, sir?" At the very moment she was envying Jip his pop-corn, and wondering when Aunt Leonice would bring in the cake and cordial.

"Twenty dollars."



"Oh, fie! Have I got to work two months for a ton of hay? I think you are an abominable usurer to take such an advantage of our necessities."

Uncle Jeffers laughed and rubbed his hands.

"Nicie, aren't you going to give the girls some cake? Let me see, what's your name?"

"Rachel, sir."

"Well, Rachel, I'll send a ton of first-rate English hay over in the morning, and you can go into the store as soon as you please. I'll pay you one dollar and fifty a week besides the hay."

"Oh, thank you! That with the eggs and milk will just make us!" and Rachel went to the table where Aunt Nicie was pouring out blackberry cordial.

While Rachel was tucking away her kids and donning her ragged driving-gloves, under cover of their homeward way, Uncle Jeffers was saying: "That Rebecca is a fine girl! What a head she's got! If she can keep those cows till grass comes again, she can do anything."

"Rachel, you mean. Her name is Rachel."

"Reliance, did I say? Well, that's a better name for her—Reliance. That's what I am going to call her in future—Reliance. Now I hope I shall remember it."

A morning cold, dark and raw. A sharp-edged north-east wind driving the sea-fog landward, and bringing with it a torn edge of frozen rain, which it slapped in Uncle Gardiner's face at unexpected intervals. He ground his teeth behind a stiffening beard, and wiped a blue mitten across his eyes. The fitful rain was dashing full in the face of his sensitive little mare, and the bars were wedged up.

"Wait, Uncle Gardiner, I'll let down the bars," called a clear, girl's voice. Uncle Gardiner cleared his eyes again. "Don't get out," said Melicent Throgmorton, setting down a full bucket of milk, and beginning to tug at the wedges.

Yes, there were Milly and Genevieve Throgmorton, in water-proofs and rubber boots, backing up the railroad against the roaring wind—the railroad which skirted Bittibat.

"What in the world are you girls doing here, at this hour in the morning?" asked Uncle Gardiner, as they flung back their flapping capes and handled the frozen rails dexterously.

"Taking the milk to Mr. Middleman. We take it every morning before he goes into Ackton."

"What, you two girls? Why can't Edny?"

"He has just all he can do before he starts for school."

"Are you going to keep him on at school this winter?"

"Yes, he is going the whole course."

"What nonsense! You women will cosset that boy and fill his head full of fiddle-faddle nonsense, so that he won't be worth one cent. Why don't you put him to work somewhere?"

"I should think he was kept at work pretty steadily. Who do you suppose hauls and cuts our wood, milks the cows—"

"Are you going to keep those cows all winter?" interrupted Uncle Gardiner, who had not Uncle Jeffers' fondness for an argumentative woman.

"Yes, sir."

"How are you going to get any hay?"

"We've got it."

"You have! How'd you pay for it?"

"Rachel is in Uncle Jeffers' store, and he pays her in hay."

"Oh, that again! How much milk have you got there?"

"Sixteen quarts."

"How much does Middleman pay?"

"Five cents."

"Only five! Why he gets ten in Ackton. I think Edny might make it pay to take milk and vegetables into market."

"I think so, too!" cried both the girls.

"We are just going into farming, next year!" added Genie, enthusiastically.

By this time the bars were down on both sides the railroad-track. Uncle Gardiner drove slowly through, looking back to call out: "Have you seen a weather anywhere around this morning?"

"Quite a spell of it," laughed Genie, as she flung the rain out of her face.

"Have you lost one?" asked Milly, stopping, pail in hand.

"Well one of mine didn't come home last night, and I'm out looking for it."

"I should think you might find it this morning!" shouted Genie, walking backward down the track. "Just the toughest kind of weather." Uncle Gardiner laughed as he trotted off.

## CHAPTER V.

"Now this Parlane MacFarlane, as his surviving daughter, Maggy MacFarlane, alias MacNab, who married Duncan M'Nab o' Stuckavallachan, can testify, stood as near to your guderan, Robert MacGregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

UNCLE GARDINER was a thoroughly just, practical, calculating, unsympathetic, unsentimental Yankee. He owned a machine-shop and cotton-factory—the very factory in which he had got all his education, save such book-knowledge as had been knocked into his head in the first dozen of his years. He had got a good alic of Bittibat with his wife, and would not have objected to the whole.

Rachel Gardiner was a hard-working, much-saving, money-loving woman, utterly different from what her brother Edward had been. She had several "most cogent and resistless reasons" for despising Edward and all his progeny, dating



back to the demise of Edward the senior, 'Squire Throgmorton; inasmuch as, in the testamental disposition of Bittibat, ten acres of the original one hundred and thirty had been left to an ancient serving-man, instead of being divided among the 'squire's three children. Rachel had declared her intention of contesting the will, and Ralph, who was greatly in awe of his sister, might have joined with her, but Edward steadily resisted. She never forgave Edward his pusillanimity, nor forgot the three and one-third acres that ought to have been hers, but which an infirm and servile parent gave over to the possession of a negro—a negro who had once been a slave in the family, and whose great-grandchildren, a numerous brood, swarmed all over the lot, which Rachel had no children to inherit had she possessed it.

In the earliest March, then, when the nasty black mud clung to her rubbers and drabbled her skirts, when the dirty, oozy snow was retreating to the tumbled-down fence-corner, leaving revealed rags and rusty pans, shin-bones and ashes, where-with the lazy negroes had adorned their back yard during winter's long blockade—on such a day as this it was Aunt Rachel's wont to make a tour through those three and one-third acres, and, arriving at the home-place, spend the remainder of the sunny day making the Throgmortons as uncomfortable as only she knew how, returning at night in her brother's carriage with a budget full of proofs of the vanity, extravagance and pre-ordained poverty of his family, and the pity it was that such a man as her husband had not the farming of the place.

Herein was another offense, that Edward, as the eldest son, received the homestead farm, which Rachel, as the eldest child, had always looked on as her own portion.

Then there was the sickly Ralph, whose forty acres her soul lusted after. To the end of keeping that land in the family, she had circumvented his marriage, and dosed him into an early grave. Everybody had supposed that Ralph would leave his property to the sister who cosseted and coddled him until the unobtrusive bosom of mother earth must have appeared a desirable goal. He did, upon his dying bed, ask Edward to see that he was buried in a grave. "For," said he, "if I'm put into the family vault, Rachel will get the keys, and be coming in the middle of the night with hot bricks and a bowl of gruel." And begged his sister-in-law to see that she did not wrap the feet of his corpse in flannel.

Always full of his jokes was poor Ralph, and perhaps it was one of his jokes that he left all his money to the infant son of the girl he did not marry, who was married to a Methodist minister, and to Rachel a silver porringer and spoon. As for the forty acres of Bittibat, they were left in lease until such time as the youngest child of his

sister or brother should come of age, when they were to be divided impartially between his living nieces and nephews, the Methodist minister being appointed executor and lessor of the estate.

At this time Rachel was the mother of three boys who came into the world with chronic colds in the head, and who, after a few years of flannel, gruel and hot bricks, dwindled into untimely graves. Another boy had come to the house long years after, but it never smiled from its birth, nor clasped its nerveless hand around a questioning finger laid in the palm; and when the earth was rounded above its little form, the load of a great horror was removed from kith and kin—the horror of a born idiot in their family.

Meanwhile Edward's girls lived and thrived, and his one boy was the pet of schoolma'ams and committee-men. Everybody said they were "dreadful slender girls."

"And indeed!" asked Aunt Rachel, "what can you expect of that paling, Scotch foreigner who lays a-bed half her time, and always carries a handkerchief in the winter to lift the iron latches? The wonder is that she has raised one of her babies?"

But she did raise them, and in defiance of all medical rules. They all went bare-necked and armed from babyhood up, till fashion decreed otherwise. They all attended dancing-school winters with petticoats above their knees, and singing-school in V necks and jockey hats. They learned to skate when all the papers said that skating sowed seeds of consumption and debility in the female frame; wore corsets and little boots, altogether too small for them. Aunt Rachel was sure, and it was really a mercy that one of these girls did not drop dead some night in a ball-room, between the effects of tight-lacing, small shoes, dancing and dressing the hair fashionably—which, according to all statistics, ought to kill any woman. Yet did the Throgmorton girls live and thrive, and would, in all probability, eight years hence inherit Uncle Ralph's coveted forty acres.

Edward's delicate wife, with her long-trained skirts and longer doctor's bills, her frequent, monthly nurse, and her kitchen and chamber-maids, was a great offense to his sister. The consolation of her money and her name had been great. "My sister-in-law, Isabel Jeffers that was," had been a sweet morsel to roll on the tongue, but one day her riches took wings. After that there was no good thing coming out of Bittibat. The whole family was despicable to Aunt Rachel, and she called twice a week to tell them so, and to assert her relationship with the MacCallum Mores.

Edward had plodded on in his stupid way, humoring his lady-wife, sending his daughters to boarding-school, and utterly refusing to mortgage Bittibat to either of his anxious brothers-in-law. So far from coming upon the town, he

actually managed to lay by a little now and then in the old-fogyish county bank—which of course never broke—that fund sacred to the exigencies of sickness and death.

His daughters were going on the same way. They refused to take that precious nest-egg from the bank though they suffered cold and hunger; they cherished the mother and grandmother as the most dear treasures of the loved one gone before; they felt in all their veins the blood that is thicker than water, and made Aunt Rachel welcome, though she had an uncomfortable way of dropping in unseasonably; for instance, on the stroke of twelve when there was nothing but cold bannock and cucumber pickles for dinner. And would not sell Bittibat Farm.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Evil is only the slave of good,  
Sorrow the servant of joy;  
And that soul is mad that refuseth food  
Of the meanest in God's employ."

J. G. HOLLAND.

THIS was a hard winter. A succession of droughty summers had resulted in a general failure of the hay crop and in the drying up of hitherto unfailing wells. Bittibat well had at last felt the woeful influence in her sixty-foot bosom. Her useless buckets swung in cavernous darkness at the ends of drying rope, and the iron handle gathered rust. All through the country, people were fetching their water from rivers or meadow-springs, or melting boilers full of snow in sloppy kitchens. This same fate befell Bittibat, and her daughters carted water and dug snow in the heart of the dreadful winter. \* \* \*

The hay had been devoured long ere it was paid for, and Bittibat, in solemn conclave, decided to draw upon the small bank-hoard. Rachel went to Gove Sparkler for the hay. It came promptly; all that an ox-team could draw, without weight or measure. And no bill was ever sent after it. So the bank-hoard was still unbroken; and if you want to know what it is like to be struck by lightning just say something derogatory of Gove Sparkler in presence of the Throgmortons.

The north end of the barn had to be shingled, and the roof of both barn and T mended. The girls had done both after some lessons in breaking joints. The lessons had been paid for, being got by working with John James, who put up the scaffolds and set on the first rows. John James said: "If you can do that shingling, I'll give up beat."

But the two dollars and fifty cents paid for his day's work had been wrung drop by drop from a month of privation; more could not be spared. So they shingled the barn, and John James declared himself "beat all holler."

Now the scaffolding timber and shingles had

never been paid for. Yet, Mr. Sawyer was as complaisant over their remissness as were Sealer & Decoye, who did not send in their bill at New Year's, saying their account was too small to look up.

"People are so kind never to send in their bills," said Rachel, at Uncle Jeffers' dinner-table one day.

Uncle Jeffers pursed his lips, projected his brows, settled his chin in his black satin stock, twiddled his thumbs, and remarked: "You have a good farm, you know."

Rachel went home that night very thoughtful.

"Don't you remember," said she, two hours later, while putting up her front locks in crimping-pins, "that Frank Brown sold his house to pay a store bill?"

The mother raised her head from the pillow—this conversation taking place in her warm chamber where the girls made their nightly toilets.

"The Jones's farm has been mortgaged twice to Studevant for meat," said she.

Studevant was a butcher.

"You know that crazy man in the poor-house," continued Rachel. "He used to own Samarie, but it went to Sealer & Decoye some way, and that drove him insane. I think I should go insane if Sealer & Decoye took Bittibat Farm."

Melicent gave a start forward that threatened to project her into the stove, but recovered with a jerk, and cried out: "It would take a good many years to eat up Bittibat!"

Genevieve sat on the foot of her mother's bed, rubbing her hands thoughtfully.

"The potatoes are getting very low," said she.

From that time not a cent was spent at Bittibat till it had been looked at by every member of the family.

One day Edny came panting home from school in the teeth of an east wind, enormous in its volume, terrible in its velocity. Leonice had been left at the store with Rachel, and he harnessed at once and drove down for them in the close, family carriage.

The immense wind-storm, which had nearly over-set him going, impeded, almost stopped, his homeward progress. The breath of the east, full of frozen rain and dissolving ice, blew directly in at the mouth of the carriage, gluing fast everything on which it fell, and threatening to burst asunder the curtains. Donna could scarce make any headway till Rachel flung a shawl over the front of the vehicle. The wind carried it away on all sides like banners around a circus chariot. Rachel and Leonice held its lower edge fast to the boot with benumbing fingers. And Edny, unable to see the road, trusted that Donna's instinct would take them safely home. The ride was one of terror.

After sunset the gale increased. On the wings of the night came an enormous, unbroken sheet of

water, projecting violently out of the eastern horizon upon the mainland, with a force which nothing could withstand. Houses shook on their foundations and opened at all joints. Where it was not solid wood, a building leaked like a sieve. The booming of breakers on Curtis's Nose, two miles distant, could be distinctly heard above the roar of the storm. At each buffet of wind, one's ear was deafened by a crash of water, half-congealed, which threatened to crush in the side of the tottering building. Nearer the seaboard, entire windows were blown in, and deposited, sometimes, unshattered at the extreme end of an apartment, so powerful was the wind on which they rode. In the valley cellars were flooded.

Nearly all night the Bittibat family were moving about the house, tying outer doors and window-blinds, torn from their fastenings by the masterful wind, driving wedges around clattering windows, and sopping up the water which spouted in around every sash. Suddenly there was a fearful and appalling sound, utterly indescribable. The embodied storm seemed to have descended upon their roof, entered violently, taken possession.

The heavy, antiquated scuttle had been lifted up, broken from its fastenings, carried away on mighty shoulders of invisible air. The thousand fiends of wind and storm, of night and winter, poured in and filled the wide, unbroken space of garret room. At the first onset, the double-folded *Tribune* which Rachel had tacked in the dining-room window had been blown against the opposite wall, the apartment flooded.

When morning dawned, all this water was ice. The entire surface of visible creation was coated with thick, impenetrable armor, hard and glaring as steel. Only the tops of the tallest tussock grass stood above this depth of ice, stood in bristling clusters, stiffly pointed westward like the advancing spears of wandering hordes. Every smallest branchlet, dry leaf, hanging paddle or seed-pod of tree and bush, every tall stem of lily or weed, every distinct needle on the many needled pines stood motionless, glittering in the sun. Fences and buildings, soaked black and covered with gleaming mail, were set along eaves and rails with close fringes of long, sharp icicles, not pendent, but pointing fixedly to west, like bayonets charged by silent legions, death-stricken in their double-quick. There was no motion, no breath. The prostrate breakers, seized in mid-leap, lay in snow-wreaths along the distant headland. The rough sea was a sea of glass, awful in its immobility.

Up rose the sun, blood-red. From horizon to horizon, the dark pine forests, precipitous hill-sides, level meadows, whose water-courses could only be marked by fringes of alders and swamp-willows breaking their smooth sweep, the lowly village roofs and lofty steeples, staffs of last year's, weedy banners, skeletons of garden beauties, rail

fences and stone walls, rock-furrowed nooklands and up-piled ocean, all twinkled with scintillant stars; the white splendor of the diamond, carrying in its bosom hints of hidden fire, the bolder, larger gaze of sapphire and topaz, here and there the crimson gleam that a sunbeam finds in the heart of a ruby, or more rarely the dazzling ray of some solitary emerald, the trembling, fleeting tints of a lone amethyst.

The Bittibat homestead crowned a lofty hill. Miles on miles extended the iridescent crystals. Imagine a fairy palace, builded of precious stones, covering miles of ground, carpeted with iris, buttressed with rainbows and grounded all on white.

In an instant, seized with the same thought, some ran for the light sleigh, some for the skates. Mamma and grandmother were warmly rolled up and tucked into the cutter; then away they sped, propelled by their steel-shod coursers, over the level ten acres that crowned the top of this hill. Skating on a hill-top was a rare novelty, but Edny that morning did all his chores on skates and skated off to school. For nearly a month, indeed, the people of shore towns were forced, like the Hollanders, to go from place to place steel-shod, nor was it safe for any who could not skate to step out of doors. People from a distance mostly came to town afoot. Through the January thaw, horses had been allowed to lose their calks, and few were sharp enough to mount these slippery hill-sides.

Stock suffered greatly where hay ran low and the ice embargo prevented any more being brought. But greatest was the suffering for water. Throughout the town main-pipes, laid, as was supposed, below frost, burst. There was no snow to melt. Water for the commonest purposes was brought with great trouble long distances, and treasured with tireless assiduity.

(To be continued.)

LAUGHTER.—Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude, if not impiety, in not exercising it as often as we can. We may say with Titus that we have "lost a day" if we have passed it without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Thank God," exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

A GOOD TEST.—It is good for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.\*  
A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the summer forenoon Robert Beresford walked up the winding paths which led among flower-beds and shrubberies to the front door of Lenox Dare's house. The grounds, in all their gay pomp of summer-bloom, lay about him. When he first caught sight of the cottage, he said to himself: "How prettily that gray nest hides under the green! I wonder what sort of people inhabit this bit of Eden!"

The landscape took a deeper hold of soul and sense because of the scene from which he had just come. Half an hour before he had left the hospital where Hatch lay dead. The doctor's sagacity had in this instance proved at fault. His patient had sunk suddenly, and when, late in the afternoon, Joe arrived, it was all over with his father.

Donald Brae had been out on some errand which took him past the hospital. He was driving past just at sunset, when he caught sight of a boy with a round, black head, and some very shabby clothes, sitting cross-legged by the gate, and sobbing with all his might.

The kind-hearted Scotchman drew up in his wagon, and asked in his broadest vernacular: "Hoot, laddie! Why are ye greeting?"

The boy lifted his head, and stared with black, wet eyes at the stranger. The honest, pitying face won his childish confidence, for he answered in a moment: "My father's dead!" Then he broke out in a kind of howl of grief and despair.

Donald was out of the light wagon and at the child's side in a moment.

"What is your name, laddie?" he asked, in a voice like a woman's.

"Joe Hatch."

At that instant the doctor appeared. Donald and he were well acquainted by this time, for the gardener during Jessie Dawes's illness had been daily at the hospital on errands for his mistress.

A few inquiries brought Joe's story to the light. He had been sent for at his father's earnest entreaty. He had made the journey of more than two hundred miles alone. When he reached the hospital his father had been dead several hours.

Mr. Beresford had telegraphed that he found it impossible to come out before the next day. That gentleman, it appeared, was the only friend the dead man had. They left it for him to decide what should be done with the boy.

Joe, gazing with puzzled, sorrowful eyes, from one face to the other, drank in this talk. At its close the doctor was called away.

Donald looked at Joe and thought of the little

boy lying far away under the purpling heather on the Scotch hill-side.

"Come hame with me, bairnie," he said. "My lass 'll mither ye owre nicht!"

Joe would not have comprehended the words, if the pitying look and the kindly voice had not helped him. He hesitated a moment. He thought of the grand friend who was coming to-morrow, and whose image had stood all these years far back in his childish memory. But the present was very forlorn, and Joe was hardly eight. He had been terribly shocked at the sight of that white, silent thing which had been his father, lying on the bed in the hospital ward. The thought of spending the night in that vast, strange building, with the awful death so near, frightened him. He heard Donald promise the doctor the boy should be brought back in time to meet the gentleman next morning. At that Joe, without a word, put his hand in the man's and a moment later the two were driving off in the light wagon.

When Robert Beresford reached the hospital next morning he learned to his great surprise of Hatch's death. He had trusted the doctor's opinion and never dreamed the end was so near. It was too late now for the help and comfort which he had hoped to bring into this man's last days. As he stood gazing on the face that wore now the solemn majesty of death, he thought with unutterable pity of the miserable, wrecked life! What a waste and failure it had been! Then he remembered that night in the woods. Had there not been "A little good grain, too," in the poor fellow lying there Robert Beresford would not have been standing over him now! That fact, at least, would be put down on his side in the "great audit!"

For the rest, Hatch had told the truth. He had been "a bad man." He had gone to his own place. What that was, only God knew!

Joe had not returned. When Beresford learned that the boy was only three miles away he inquired the road, ordered a horse and set out at once. Half an hour's gallop carried him over the hills. So it all came of Joe Hatch that Robert Beresford was walking up the grounds to Lenox Dare's front door in the pleasant, summer morning!

He had ascended the piazza and was on the point of ringing the bell when there was a rustle of garments on his right, and turning suddenly, he saw a lady who had just stepped through the open window. She started and stood still on seeing him, and Robert Beresford and Lenox Dare looked at each other in silence as, long ago, they had looked in Cherry Hollows Glen.

I suppose the time has come for me now, if ever, to describe Lenox Dare's appearance. I should like to paint her for you as she stood there that morning in the full, perfect bloom of her rare and



gracious womanhood. But this is something beyond my power. Those who knew her best, who felt most deeply the spell of her presence, the varied grace and charm of look, and speech, and manner, could never agree when they came to discuss them.

A stranger meeting her for the first time would be struck by the splendid eyes. But the perfect features, the clear, olive skin, the beautiful mouth, the broad, low forehead under its heaps of hair—of how many other women might all this be written! How utterly they would fail to give you any idea of Lenox Dare!

For added to all this, was the nameless something which recalled the "fair women" of legend and poetry, which seemed to make possible to a man the dreams and ideals of his youth. When he saw her, he saw something else—about him seemed to float the loveliest and purest faces and forms which men have dreamed on canvas or tenderly carved in marble.

But Lenox Dare's power did not lie chiefly in her beauty. She had a wonderful gift of calling out latent possibilities, of inspiring the noblest moods, the highest, most generous impulses of those who came closest to her. People, of course, responded to this power in different degrees; but the woman of whom I write never touched a human soul except on its finest, noblest side.

Lenox Dare, as I said, stood quite still, face to face with Robert Beresford. Where had she seen this man before? She was trying to answer the question. The longer she gazed, the more it baffled her. Yet the impression was so strong it had the force of conviction. She waited for him to speak and enlighten her.

This feeling was not singular; Robert Beresford had not greatly changed; he hardly looked ten years older than he did at the time when Lenox Dare saw him. Because of all that happened at that time, however, her memory had grown a little confused. Vividly as she recalled every event of the interview, she was always more or less bewildered when she came to the stranger's appearance. She had an impression of something grand and noble beyond that of any man whom she had ever seen. She had that impression of the one now standing before her.

Robert Beresford could not, of course, share this feeling that they had met before. How could that small, brown girl in the glen have possibly suggested the woman standing there, slender and tall, with her splendid, surprised eyes on his face!

She wore this morning the simplest white dress, with some pale gold color at her throat. Her uncle liked to see her in white better than anything else, and he had charged her never to put on a thread of sable for his going. She had on a shade-hat, and she carried a pair of shears—she was going out to her flower-beds.

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Robert Beresford, too, had stood for a few moments spell-bound. It was a necessity of his artist's nature that the fleshly loveliness of this woman—the perfection of form, of color, of tint—should strike his senses first. Later, he might come to see farther and deeper than her beauty, until that should become a part of something finer and better than itself.

After his eyes had taken their first, long, silent joy in her loveliness, the thought flashed through him: "What a boor I must seem, staring at her in this fashion!"

He lifted his hat. "I was told Miss Dare resided here," he said.

The voice seemed some old echo in her memory. Was it of this land, or did it come from across the sea? Lenox asked herself, while she answered like one in a dream: "Yes, I am Miss Dare."

In a few words the gentleman explained the errand that had brought him to her door.

Lenox had not seen Joe. Donald's wife had told her that morning about the boy her husband had brought home with him from the hospital to stay over night. The story of the little fatherless waif had touched Lenox; she would have sent for the boy had not some company arrived at the moment. When these left, Donald and Joe were on their way to the hospital.

The gardener's wife was in the hall. She heard the gentleman inquire for Joe, and came forward to say that the boy and Donald had left half an hour before.

Beresford's horse stood at the gate. He had left word at the hospital where he was going. Would he have time to dash over the hills and overtake the pair, or would they have started on their return before he could reach the hospital?

He had not decided when Miss Dare spoke again. The gentleman's account of his errand had not confirmed her impression that they had met before. She spoke now with her usual simple directness: "I cannot recall your name—your face even. Yet I am almost sure I have seen you before."

"I think you must be mistaken, Miss Dare," he answered, and his eyes smiled on her. "This is the first time I ever had the pleasure of meeting you."

A look of puzzled bewilderment flashed into her face. She seemed half-reluctant to admit his own assurance, and he thought to himself: "Does she really imagine a man could ever see her and forget it—such a splendid creature as she is!"

At this point Donald's wife interposed. She was sure her husband would bring the boy back at once.

"It would be a pity if the gentleman should start and miss them again."

"That is true, Rachel," answered Lenox, feeling now that she was awaking out of a dream, and she



invited the gentleman to walk in and wait until the two returned.

Beresford hesitated a moment. He had believed that time was precious to him that morning. But—in an instant he had thanked Miss Dare—he had accepted her invitation—he had introduced himself.

The name had no association for Lenox. That notion of their previous meeting must, after all, have been a mistake. Yet she could almost have sworn to it. If it had ever happened, it must have been in some pre-natal state. At that thought, something like the dream of a smile was on her lips as she ushered her guest into the library.

The most ordinary people, when they met Robert Beresford, were struck by his appearance. His noble presence, his fine head, his manly beauty, attracted others. It was a pleasure to see him, to talk to him, even for those who could only know him on the surface.

The room which he entered struck Robert Beresford's artistic sense at once. The simple, tasteful furnishings, the perfect harmony of color, the restful atmosphere, haunted by the delicate fragrance of flowers, all had a charm for soul and sense. It seemed the fitting environment for such a mistress, he thought. And then he looked at Lenox—she had removed her hat and gloves, and seated herself near a window—and he forgot all about the room.

On his right was a piece of sculpture which Mr. Athorp had picked up the last time he had been in Italy. It was simply a peasant-boy bending over his shell. Something in the attitude at once reminded Beresford of Bude's Neapolitan fisherman in the Louvre—that famous work which made the great sculptor's name and fortune in a fortnight.

When her guest mentioned this likeness to Miss Dare, she told him that her uncle had always insisted on the resemblance between the fisherman and the peasant. He had been a great admirer of the French sculptor, she said.

In this way the conversation opened that morning between Robert Beresford and Lenox Dare. Two hours of talk followed—talk to both the most simple and delightful possible; full of new zest, surprise, suggestion, yet as natural and unconstrained as though they two—unconscious of each other's existence a moment before—had been friends for years. Indeed, Lenox all the time had a curious feeling that her guest was no stranger. They both gave themselves up, however, to the rare delight and stimulation of the interview. They talked of whatever came uppermost—of life, of art, of the world at home, across the sea, and in the talk and in the pauses that came between, the noble soul of the man, the tender and beautiful one of the woman, more and more recognized each other.

At the end of two hours—it did not seem more than two minutes to the two sitting there—there was a stir at the door. Joe had come! He stood there with his round, black head, his tanned face, his little, chubby figure. Rachel had tidied him that morning, and mended some rents in the shabby clothes, so that his appearance was considerably improved from that of the boy Donald had found sobbing at the hospital gate.

Joe knew Robert Beresford at the first glance. It was more than four years since the two had met, but Joe had never forgotten that wonderful hour, that grand friend, that glorious playmate. He had always cherished a belief that if they could only meet again all his troubles would end at once. There would be nothing more for him but happy times, endless fun, new clothes, and dinners the very thought of which made his mouth water. To poor Joe, tossed about the world, ill-treated by his father when the man was drunk, and half-starved a good deal of the time, Robert Beresford was the only god he knew anything about, and to be with him was heaven.

Trembling in every limb of his round, little body for joy, Joe was yet shy. He stood still in the doorway, twirling his bit of cap in his red, stubby fingers. His face was radiant.

But when the gentleman, seeing him, rose at once, put out his hands and said, "Well, Joe, here you are at last!" in the old, kindly tone he remembered so well, the boy forgot everything else, and darted across the room with a little yell of delight, not even seeing the lady with her beautiful, questioning eyes who sat by the window.

"We have had a long chase for each other, Joe," continued Beresford, entering into the feelings of the boy with those swift sympathies which gave him such a marvelous power over others. "You look as though you were glad to see me."

"Yes, sir'ee, I am," replied Joe. "I've come to stay with you now. My father al'ays used to say I should."

The boy's lip suddenly quivered. At the hospital he had taken another long look at the silent, ghastly figure on the bed, that looked so like, and yet not like, his father. At that sight, grief and fear had swept over his childish soul again, and he had sobbed as though his heart would break.

"I know you are come to stay with me, Joe," answered Beresford, as he sat down and drew the little fellow between his knees, while the strong man's heart grew very tender over this worse than orphaned boy—this poor little waif, who had been so strangely thrown on his help and pity, and whose best fortune it was that his father lay dead that summer morning in the hospital three miles away.

The gentleman laid his hand softly on the black little head, as he was in the habit of doing on another soft-ringed, brown one.

"I shall try to make you a happy boy—a good one!" he said.

Joe twirled his cap again; his black eyes danced. It was impossible for him to imagine he could be anything but happy and good now he was with his friend. He knew he had been something else very often in the miserable times that were all gone now.

In a moment he broke out eagerly: "Is the swing there?"

"The swing is there, Joe."

The boy gave a little cry of delight. He had not been trained in drawing-room manners. Yet there was something pathetic in the way his childhood asserted its eternal right to happiness. Here Joe Hatch stood—orphaned, homeless, outcast, without a friend in the world, save the man whom he had only met once, for a half hour or so, in his life. Yet, despite all the poverty, and shame, and loneliness of his lot, his little childish heart trembled for joy; he was as happy at that moment as it was possible for boy to be, because he had learned "the swing was there."

All this time Lenox had sat perfectly silent watching this scene. Her guest felt now that some explanation was due her. He said to Joe: "Will you tell this lady—Miss Dare—who has been so kind as to allow us to meet here, how you and I, Joe, first came to know each other?"

Then Joe became conscious of the lady's presence. He turned now and stared at her with the solemn, curious eyes of childhood. She smiled on him.

"Won't you tell me, Joe?" she asked.

He drew a deep breath. The red, stubby fingers plucked nervously at the cap. In a moment the words came in broken sentences: "It was ever so long ago; I got inside the gate. There was a swing there. He come up softly behind, and see me a standin' and watchin' it. First I knew, he had cotched me up in his arms and was a tossin' me up and down in the air. Oh, it was jolly! Then we had a swing. I hit the tree each time. Then a man come along, and they talked, and—and—the man took me into the house, and I had some new clothes, and such a breakfast! It was all high jinks! Then it grew still, and nobody came, and when I got tired of eatin' I went to the door and looked round, and couldn't see nobody. Then I found my father a sittin' behind the hedge, and he told me he'd heard and seen all that went on the other side. Then he said as how he'd made up his mind to give me to the gentleman, and we went up to the house ag'in; but the woman wouldn't let us in, and said her master was gone."

When Joe finished, there was a little silence. Donald, standing all this time in the hall, came forward now and apologized for being absent so long. They had waited at the hospital for Mr. Beresford before setting out home again.

Then Lenox and her guest learned, to their amazement, that their interview had lasted more than two hours.

As Beresford rode away with Joe in front of him, he thought of what Goethe had said of Rahel ton Ense: "She is one of those souls whom I love to call beautiful!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

LENOX DARE stood on the piazza and watched the pair ride away. She had not asked her guest to call again. She had not even thought of it. Yet she had a feeling that this was not their last meeting. She walked across the piazza in the hot sunshine, for it was now a little past midday, and not a leaf of all the climbing vines about her stirred in the sultry stillness. It seemed as though the very world was holding its breath. Even her thoughts moved in a vague sort of reverie. Every few minutes the noble head, the grand presence, would rise before her, so strange yet so familiar. Of course it was all a mistake, that fancy of hers, she kept saying, until at last she made herself believe it. When Rachel came to tell her lunch was ready, she seemed to wake out of a dream.

For a fortnight, Robert Beresford, in his intervals of leisure, usually found himself thinking of Lenox Dare. He was haunted by a great curiosity regarding her. She seemed to have left some fine aroma in his memory. That could not be the effect simply of her beauty, powerfully as that had impressed his artist-sense. He said to himself often: "I must see that woman again!"

This was a very easy thing to do. They had already spoken of mutual acquaintances. Beresford could have sought Lenox Dare with the proper letters of introduction. But this seemed to him now too conventional a way of approaching her. He could not even bring himself to make a single inquiry regarding her.

Lenox was right; Robert Beresford did come again. One morning she entered the library, and most unexpectedly found him awaiting her there. She had come in from out-doors, and had not yet heard of his arrival. He was standing by the mantel, over which hung a little marine picture—a bit of sandy beach, and huge green waves crested with foam, while in the west flamed a red bar of sunset cloud. He was looking at this when Lenox came in, the pale roses in her cheeks a little brightened by her walk.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dare," he said, for his manner and speech, with their perfect courtesy, were always simple and direct, "for calling again without your permission. I have not even brought the letters of introduction which I perhaps ought to have done."

"I am very glad you felt there was no need of letters, Mr. Beresford," answered the sweet-ca-

denced voice, and the lady gave him her hand, with a welcome in her eyes.

If all this sounds very odd and unconventional, I can only say that you must remember the kind of man and woman these were, and that each had already recognized in the other a nature touched to fine issues.

After this informal greeting, the talk followed naturally. It opened ever into wider vistas. And always the thought and speech of the one stimulated and allured that of the other. It was talk free and natural as sunlight. It was such talk, too, as could only take place between a pure, noble, ideal man and woman. In such rare, delightful intercourse, hours go almost like minutes. Robert Beresford found that he had barely time to reach the next train, and begged Miss Dare's pardon for staying so long.

It need not be said that he came again. I cannot trace here, step by step, the acquaintance as it grew between this man and woman. The more they saw of each other, the more their sympathies—intellectual, artistic, moral—came to light. What Mrs. Charles Kingsley, in her life of her husband, has beautifully said, was true also of this other pair: "And gradually the new friendship, which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance—deepened into intimacy."

Robert Beresford came often to visit Miss Dare. What restful, inspiring, altogether delightful hours he passed under that gray roof! He had not dreamed the world held anything for him so precious and stimulating as he found this new companionship. While he talked with Miss Dare, the whole horizon of his life seemed to widen and glow with the old enthusiasms and aspirations of his youth. All the hopes and visions of his noblest hours seemed possible to him in her presence.

What was true of their first conversation was true of all that followed. Books, and art, and human life, the world about them, the lands where they had traveled, the people whom they had met, were in turn discussed. Of course the mood of the time formed the key-note of the talk; but through all its varied phases, grave and gay, earnest and playful, the strong and noble soul of the man, the tender and gracious one of the woman, more and more recognized and rejoiced, as all true souls must, in each other. Indeed, within a month after they had first met, they might have said what Goethe did long ago: "For the first time I may well say I carried on a conversation. For the first time was the inmost sense of my words returned to me, more rich, more full, more comprehensive, from another's mouth. What I had been groping for was made clear to me. What I had been thinking I was taught to see."

Lenox Dare had, as she once told Ben Mavis, friendships with men. But all other companion-

ship—even that with Uncle Tom—seemed to lack something fine and perfect which this man—so late a stranger—brought her. It had come into her grief and loneliness an unutterable solace and pleasure, yet, like all the other best things, as naturally and easily as dawn rises out of the dark.

Robert Beresford came out often in the late afternoons and took supper with Miss Dare. Sometimes they walked among the grounds, or strayed outside into the green, old lanes, and shady, sweet-breathed coppices around Lenox's home, while thoughts and words "many hued, many shaped," arose between them. Two or three times they drove over to the beach in the summer twilight, and listened for awhile to the voices of the sea. This "love of all out-doors," as Lenox used playfully to call her delight in nature, was one of the many feelings the two had in common.

A friendship like this of which I write is, of course, no common experience. From its very nature, it could only exist between a rarely endowed man and woman. To such, I think, a companionship of this sort would always seem less a surprise than a cause of unutterable thankfulness. Each would be likely to cherish a feeling of immense gratitude toward the other. Beresford, for his part, had not a doubt that he received vastly more than he gave. Lenox would have said the same thing of herself.

In their thought—after a little while, in their speech—each called the other "My friend!" oftener than they did by any other name. This companionship was the more perfect because no dream of love ever entered into it. Each would have resented the thought as a wrong to the other. When the love of his youth had been so suddenly wrenched out of his life, Robert Beresford had believed no other could ever take its place.

Lenox, on her part, had long entertained a notion that she was only fitted to have friendships with men. She was too thoroughly a woman, however, not to have a dim consciousness of possibilities of passionate devotion in herself. But there was a side of her nature, which, through all her youth had been as slumber-bound as the princess in the beautiful, old legend. He who was destined to awake the sleeper came—so runs the old story—soft and unheralded through silent gardens and stately palace. She saw no form, she heard no footfall, until he stood by her side and called her, and she awoke and knew him!

Before the summer was over Robert Beresford brought Jack Leith and his wife to see Lenox Dare. Returning from their visit, they were driving home from the railroad station, when Jack said to his wife: "What a splendid creature she is!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Leith, a sweet-faced little

blonde, with bright eyes and pale gold hair, "Miss Dare is lovely. O Jack, when I saw those two together, I could not help imagining a romance. Such a glorious pair as that man and woman would make!"

Jack gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip.

"How absurd you are, Gertrude! All that notion is worthy a romantic school-girl! The two are simply friends. With such a man and woman that means a great deal."

"But is it impossible that friendship may ripen into something more, even with people like them? Of course they don't dream of such a thing now."

"And never will. Gertrude, you always were a sentimental, little puss."

"But at all events, I have a woman's instincts," answered Gertrude, with a little pout of lips that seemed to have stolen the bright red of a briar-rose. Then she added: "Jack, you are a goose! Every man is!"

Jack laughed merrily.

"I thank you, my dear," he said, as they drove up to the gate, "for that saving clause. You may call me bad names as often as you like, if you will only include the rest of my sex in your category!"

Meanwhile Joe was getting on. Beresford had taken the boy for the present to his own home. He was in Martha's kindly hands once more. Joe had discovered that life, even in the paradise he had been so long dreaming about, was not altogether what his fancy had painted—not merely one long frolic and feast—not an eternal "jolly time" with the grandest playfellow in the whole world.

At eight years, even, the human animal finds it hard to learn new habits. In the midst of his good fortune, Joe sometimes had a hankering for the old, free, tramp life, even with all the roughness and miseries thrown in. He sometimes looked down ruefully at his polished boots, as he remembered what fun it was to throw up his bare, dirty, little heels in the wet grass or splash through the big pools after a rain.

School at first was a dreadful stumbling-block, and for weeks he was sorely tempted to run off and have one day, at least, in the old vagabond fashion. But though he frequently tried the patience of those who had immediate charge of him, they discovered that one argument had weight with him when all others failed, and that was the approval of Mr. Beresford—the light in which he would regard Joe's behavior.

Through all his trials and his bad tempers, Joe's confused, little brain and childish heart still held loyally to his benefactor. To please him gave the boy a greater satisfaction than anything else in the world. He had his rewards, too. The gentleman always took a walk in the grounds after breakfast. It was understood that Joe would accompany him. The boy's face would be radiant as he trotted along, chatting eagerly, by the side of his friend.

But the crowning joy arrived when they came to the swing. Joe would whisk into the seat and, the next moment, shouting with glee, would mount among the branches; while Beresford stood by, doing his part, and thoroughly enjoying the fun.

Indeed Donald confided to his wife that anybody, seeing them together, would find it hard to tell which was the greater boy—Joe or the master!

In the first week of autumn Lenox received a letter from Ben Mavis. While he wrote, a little boy lay sleeping his first sleep by his mother's side in the cottage at Briarswild.

When Lenox read that she made up her mind what she would do.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE morning after Lenox received her letter, Robert Beresford came out. He had not seen her for several days. When Lenox came in, her white robe looking doubly cool and pure against the sultry morning, she said to him: "Ah, my friend, I am glad to see you! I feared lest you should come and find me gone."

"Find you gone!" he repeated, and something in his tone told her a part of all the words meant to him.

"Yes," she answered, "but only for a little while. I expect to leave for Briarswild to-morrow."

"A little while, I think you said, Miss Dare? What do you call a little while?"

"A month, perhaps. Ben and Dorrice will hardly let me return in less time—don't look at me in that way, Mr. Beresford," she exclaimed, for there was something in his eyes which hurt her. She was too thoroughly this man's friend to think of herself, to feel flattered at the look which told her, better than any words could, how much he would miss her.

"I beg your pardon if I looked at the moment what I felt! I see now what these months have been to me, as I feel what the next one will be without you. What will it seem not to come here; not to hear your voice; not to see your face, my friend?"

Lenox scarcely heard the last words. She found herself wishing that the visit might be put off. Then she felt a swift pang of remorse, of resentment for her friends. It seemed a wrong to them, an ingratitude, because for this man's sake she was not more than half-glad to go to Briarswild!

She spoke now rather to this feeling than in reply to him.

"But I must go at once. I should never be able to forgive myself if I delayed an hour to see the son of Ben Mavis."

"I am not so selfish a brute as to desire you

should do that, Miss Dare." Then he opened a magazine. "I have brought you a new poem to read," he said.

He had been much in the habit of bringing anything which pleased him in his reading to Miss Dare. Any noble or beautiful thought, any graceful fancy, any perfect bit of imagery—he would bring all these to enjoy afresh with a mind so thoroughly appreciative and responsive as hers.

The poem which he read now was one of Whittier's rustic ballads, a lovely, homely old legend set in rhyme. One could almost hear through the words the rustle of the ripening corn, the low murmur of streams over mossy stones—could catch the breath of the sweet clover and the wild briar roses, could see the white flash of the sea-bird's wing, and the broad river meadows asleep in the sunshine. The voice of the reader lent a fresh charm to the ballad.

"How lovely it is!" Lenox said, when he paused. "I think some echoes of that poem will linger for me in the air all day, Mr. Beresford."

"I am glad to hear you say that," he answered, and then he sat silent for awhile looking at her. At last he spoke again: "I shall write to you sometimes, my friend."

"I hope you will."

"But, despite that resource, I foresee I shall have some miserable, lonely moods to fight through. I must be on my guard now."

"Against what?"

"Against my fiend of a temper!"

"One might really suppose, from your talk, Mr. Beresford, that you were often angry."

"That would be a mistake, too. I never feel quite sure, however, that I have more than throttled my ancient enemy—that he may not be biding his time to spring on me. What are you thinking about, Miss Dare?"

"It has just recurred to me that when I met you the first time on the piazza, I said to myself, 'This man's anger must be a terrible thing!' Indeed, it seemed for the moment as though I must have sometime seen you in a great outbreak of passion. It is the more curious, too, because everything of that sort is so remote from your whole look and bearing."

"Your instinct was simply marvelous!" he said, looking at her with amazement.

"I can't agree with you when I remember how signally it failed me at that time. There was an instant or two when I could have sworn we had met before."

"Yes, you certainly were at fault there. Did you really suppose, Miss Dare, I could ever have seen you and have forgotten it?"

A little smile stirred her lips. "I never regarded it in that light," she said. "If I had, I should certainly have conceived it quite possible."

There was a little silence. He was marveling at this woman's freedom from vanity.

In a moment she spoke again, following the train of her association: "I have often seen people in temper, and I have been annoyed, pained, shocked, as the case might be. But only once in my life have I been frightened by the sight of an angry person."

"Was the anger of so terrible a nature, then?"

"It was vivid enough, certainly; but that which gave it its force was its perfect justice. I had done—what seemed an unpardonable wrong."

"You—you wrong anybody, Miss Dare?"

"It was wholly accidental on my part, but it was none the less an irreparable mischief. I cannot think of it now without its hurting me." There was a little tremulousness on her face—in her voice.

"But if you were not to blame, nobody certainly had any right to be angry with you."

"But—the person of whom I speak could not possibly know how innocent I was of any intentional harm. The cruel wrong was before his eyes—the circumstances all against me. When he did learn the truth, he made the noblest, the most beautiful apologies a man could."

She spoke now with a thrill in her voice. Anything in her experience had an interest for him.

"I wish you would relate the story, Miss Dare," he said; "unless you have some reason for not doing it."

Lenox hesitated. In the course of their acquaintance, she had sometimes spoken of her life at Cherry Hollows. Yet her friend had, in reality, very little notion of it. She had, during her uncle's life, seldom alluded to her childhood, because the subject was painful to him. This reticence had become a habit. Her uncle was the only person to whom she had ever related the scene in Cherry Hollows' Glen. Her jealous tenderness for his memory kept her silent over all that might awaken a suspicion of his having neglected her. But almost against her will she found herself speaking in a moment. For the second time in her life she was relating the events of that far-away morning.

"How well I remember that morning, Mr. Beresford!" she said. "It was the most perfect of summer days. Mrs. Crane—you remember she was my grand-uncle's widow, with whom I was left after his death—was in a wonderfully good humor. She had made up her mind to have company to tea, and I was sent off early into the pastures to gather berries. Before ten o'clock my basket was filled, and I had started for home on the winding old turnpike, when I reached a point which afforded a splendid view of the Glen. I leaned over the bars on one side of the road and gazed down into the great green gulf. O my friend, I can at this moment see that little girl with her



brown dress and basket of berries as she went along the road—as she leaned over the bars that morning!"

She paused a moment. Robert Beresford looked at the speaker as she sat before him in her cool white dress. Wherever she moved, he thought, some grace and fragrance of perfect womanhood must cling to her. While she talked, he tried to imagine the scene. The picture he drew was sufficiently vivid to himself, but it was not in the least like the Lenox Dare who came with her basket out of the berry-pastures that morning.

In a moment she went on: "Something at the foot of the Glen attracted my attention. A young man stood there, with his back toward me, evidently gazing at the scene. I can see him, after all these years—the tall, lithe figure—the small cap on the proud young head.

"Just on the right of the stranger stood something which I was not long in discovering must be an easel. I knew then he was an artist. Instantly a curiosity to see that picture took possession of me; I had never, it seemed to me, in my whole life longed to get at anything quite so much. While I was thinking about it, the artist suddenly drew something from his pocket and disappeared on a footpath among the trees. I knew then that he had gone to a spring not far away. My chance had come now. What a wild, headlong impulse it was! But my curiosity had the upper hands. I half-shudder now to remember how I flung myself over the bars and plunged down that steep descent of nearly two hundred feet."

"It was a mad thing to do!" exclaimed Miss Dare's guest.

"It certainly was. The wonder is that I did not break my neck. But the catastrophe befell me when the worst of the peril seemed over. An old trunk, rotten and slimy, lay in my way. My feet slipped. I tried to save my berries, and lost my balance. I rolled down into the Glen. I fell with all my force against the easel. I rose at last, a good deal scratched and torn, and dreadfully bewildered with my fall. The berries had rolled after me. I picked up my basket; and then I caught sight of a canvas on a bush in the hollow. Great spike-like thorns had pierced it. I saw a dreadful rent in the centre. I dashed down and tore away the canvas. I turned it up to the light. O my friend, it was as I feared. The beautiful picture was ruined!

"In a moment—Why are you looking at me in that way?" she asked, suddenly, meeting his eyes. For they were staring at her with something indescribable in their luminous depths. Was it amazement, doubt, bewilderment, which almost stunned him for the moment? All the time he had listened intently to her story; but in a flash it came over him that she was relating what had happened long ago in Cherry Hollows Glen. It broke upon him

so suddenly and with such force of conviction, that he grew quite pale.

"Are you ill, Mr. Beresford?" Lenox asked, anxiously, seeing that he did not speak.

"Not in the least, thank you," he said, recovering himself by a strong effort. "But I am very deeply interested in your story. I want to know what happened next, Miss Dare?"

"What happened next," was the artist's return. Lenox became too absorbed in her recital to notice her friend. Indeed, he sat still as a statue; he scarcely breathed as he listened, and drank in every word. Was he dreaming? Would he wake up in a moment? The wonder was that he could have taken the story from her lips at any point and gone on with it. How perfectly every event lived in her memory! How vividly she painted their first meeting; his terrible outbreak of wrath; her dread of his vengeance; the terror and despair which had paralyzed soul and body!

She paused for a little while to resume her story at the point where the artist, after tearing up his picture, had gone away, leaving her more dead than alive. She told how a mighty impulse to clear herself in his eyes had suddenly brought her to her feet; how she had followed him, forced him to listen to her until the old terror held at bay for a moment overcame her again, and she fled from him with a cry. She related how he had found her, sitting faint and shaken at the foot of a tree, and when it came to what had passed there, she had not forgotten in all these years one word, one tone, one gesture.

But even here Lenox did not stop. The time, the scene, had got hold of brain and heart. She went over with the story of that whole day, with the doubts and fears, the hopes and longings, that had possessed her, until at last the night came, and she stood in the lonely road, with the new moon looking down on her out of the summer sky as she made her resolve.

She paused there; but it was only in a moment to speak again. "A little later there came a great crisis in my life, when, all alone, I had to take the step which decided my future. I should never have had strength or courage to face that time, to do that thing, had it not been for the scene in Cherry Hollows Glen. What that man said to me awoke me from my childhood—aroused some latent energies within me. O my friend, he must have been a rare and noble nature! He will never know in this life what a debt I owe him. But I always have a feeling that I shall meet him and tell him—that he will listen and be glad to know—in some other life!"

The thrilling voice, a little tremulous with feeling now, suddenly stopped. Lenox, absorbed in her story, had hardly looked at her friend.

Then Robert Beresford rose and stood before her. It seemed as though something impelled him.

"Yes," he said, leaning over her. "He will be glad to know, Miss Dare; but you will not have to wait until you are in another life to tell him. It was I whom you met that morning in Cherry Hollows Glen!"

"You, Mr. Beresford—you!" she exclaimed, staring at him with those great, amazed eyes.

The faint rose-bloom faded from her cheeks, the red from her lips. But the truth came to her almost in an instant. She saw that the face before her and the man in the Glen were the same. How blind she had been not to know it before! Her first instinct was true after all. In a moment it seemed quite natural—the only thing, indeed, that could have been.

"Yes," she said, in glad, quiet tones, "you are the same man. I see it all now."

But the marvel would not pass thus with him. He drew a chair to her side. He sat down and gazed at her awhile in silence. How had this white splendor of a Psyche bloomed out of that brown chrysalid? At last he spoke.

"That little girl," he said, "was small, and tanned, and scrawny. You are not a woman whom one could think of flattering, Miss Dare; but you must know perfectly that no man with eyes and soul to recognize it, could gaze on your loveliness without thanking God for the sight! Do you tell me that you and that little girl were the same?"

"We are the same!" she answered. Her voice was steady, but her lip quivered.

He took the hand which lay on her lap in his own.

"That little girl," he said, "laid her hand in mine. Hers was brown with the sun, it was scratched with briars, it was stained with berries. This, in its white fairness, in its perfect moulding, looks like some piece of antique sculpture. Can they be the same, Miss Dare?"

"They are the same!" she answered; and then the contrast between that day and this—the thought of all the gladness of her life, of all that God had given her, came over her, and this woman, with all her fine repose of brain, and nerve, and soul, broke out into passionate sobbing.

Robert Beresford rose again. What had come over him that made him thrill and tremble at his heart—in every fibre of his strong frame? What flooded his whole being with an unutterable joy? In a moment he knew that he loved the woman who was sobbing before him—loved her with all that was best and noblest in him, with all the strength and passion of his manhood.

He went out on the piazza. Brain and heart were in a tumult of thought and emotion; yet, at the centre of everything was a perfect calm, an unutterable joy.

Yet one thing was certain. Whatever the man felt he never dreamed, as ordinary lovers would,

of any return on her part. At that moment, at least, it seemed to Robert Beresford honor and joy enough that he could love such a woman.

Was it hours before he turned and went in? It seemed so to him.

He found Miss Dare sitting where he had left her. How lovely she looked with the flush of her weeping still in her cheeks! She naturally supposed he had gone out and left her alone when her tears surprised her.

The two looked at each other a moment in silence. Then his strong will seemed suddenly to fail him—to yield to a spell mightier than himself. A moment before he had meant to carry his new secret to his grave. He spoke now; the tall form, the noble head leaned over her, as they had leaned long ago.

"I have made a mistake," he said, quietly. "I have believed all this time that my feeling for you, Miss Dare, was that of the sincerest friendship."

At another time she might perhaps have dimly forestalled his meaning, but her emotions had bewildered her. She was shaken out of her usual calm.

"What was it?" she said, hardly knowing what she asked.

"It was—LOVE!"

He saw how the word struck her like a blow—how pale she grew—how she shivered from head to foot.

"I—I thought it was friendship," she said, in a slow, confused way, under her breath.

He supposed she was speaking of his feeling for her.

"I know you thought so," he said. "You should never have fancied otherwise if I could have helped it! I certainly had not the madness to dream of asking anything for my part. I shall never again speak the word which something forced out of my heart and soul to-day. Let all be between us as though that had never been spoken! Let it never invade our friendship. This has become the best thing—the great joy and inspiration of my life. I am going away now for your sake—for my own! You will hear from me soon after you reach Briarswild. Good-bye, my friend!"

She said good-bye. She gave him her hand. She watched him with still, dazed eyes as he left the room. She heard him go through the hall.

But for her, too, had come a moment of doubt and struggle, then a mighty, overwhelming joy surged through her whole being, a joy that drew her with irresistible power toward the man who had just left her.

She rose from her chair. She went steadily and swiftly toward the door.

"Come back, Mr. Beresford!" she said, and the clear, soft voice had a ring of sovereign command which he had never heard before.

He had just reached the front door. He turned and came back at once. He found her standing on the threshold. There was not a vestige of color in her cheeks; but for an instant or two of silence, her great, dilated eyes poured into his own all their splendors of light, and joy, and tenderness. Then she held out her hands. When Lenox Dare gave her heart, it would be like herself, generously, absolutely, with no reserves.

"I love you, Robert Beresford!" she said.  
 "Thank God I know it now! Better than all the world—better than my own life I love you!"

*(To be continued.)*

### UNFRUITFUL.

I STAND at my window on New Year's morn,  
 And look abroad on the fields of corn  
 That greenly waved in the breeze of June,  
 But, withered and faded all too soon—  
 Stood pale, thin ranks 'neath the harvest moon.

There was never a harvest tale to tell,  
 Never a sickle flashed and fell,  
 For Drouth was the reaper, grim and gray,  
 Who scorned to carry his sheaves away;  
 And, shriveled and sere, they stand to-day,  
 Waving and rustling with sickly sound,  
 And bending their heads to the dank, cold ground;  
 With no fair promise from summer sun,  
 No goodly ears by his favor won,  
 No grain for the garner and no "Well done!"

Poor, pale, thin stalks, all your beauty gone,  
 Such as Egypt's king in his dream looked on,  
 Ye who at noon of the year were bright,  
 Tossing your leaves in the golden light,  
 What seer could foretell of your scathing blight?

I gaze and gaze till my heart is sad  
 For the goodly promise that made me glad,  
 All unfulfilled in the autumn hours,  
 Dead and gone like the spring-time flowers,  
 For want of the summer dews and showers.

But why, why yield to a sad unrest?  
 The Lord of the Heavens knoweth best—  
 Ah! heart, is there aught in this harvest sere,  
 That is like thy work in the Old Dead Year,  
 Laid yesternight on his snowy bier?

Where is the seed that thou didst sow?  
 Where the garner that overflow  
 With golden grain? Didst thou obey  
 When thou didst hear the Master say:  
 "Why standest idle? Go work to-day."

Hast wrought one hour at the gracious call,  
 While others have labored and borne it all,  
 The burden and heat of the toilsome day—  
 And thankless received at the end of the way  
 From the bountiful Giver as much as they?

S. J. JONES.

### A SONG FOR A CLOUDY DAY.

THE day is cold; the dark clouds fold  
 Their curtains dull and dreary  
 O'er all the sky. Through leafless tree  
 The sad wind sighs a weary.

To-day so gray where yesterday  
 The sun shone bright with gladness;  
 My life last year so full of joy  
 Now dimmed with tears of sadness.

And yet we trust that He is just  
 Who e'en the sparrow feedeth;  
 In cloudy, as in sunlit days,  
 It is His hand that leadeth.

Not all our days in pleasant ways  
 And pastures green we travel,  
 By waters still that tranquil flow  
 O'er beds of smoothest gravel.

Our feet must press life's wilderness,  
 And climb its rocky places;  
 Our hearts leave only loneliness,  
 For last year's fond embraces.

Through memory's door I walk once more  
 The path we trod together;  
 One late, midsummer afternoon  
 When it was golden weather;

The sun shone bright, our hearts were light,  
 The purple clouds that hovered  
 Low in the west, all rimmed with gold,  
 To us new thoughts discovered.

We asked that day if by that way  
 Our horoscope divining,  
 Might not our clouds in life thus hide,  
 Like these, a golden lining?

Believing this, e'en while we miss  
 The joy that last year brought us;  
 We will not waste in vain regrets  
 The lessons that it taught us.

Nor will we fear that this new year  
 Will bring us much of sorrow,  
 But take the good that comes each day,  
 Nor future trouble borrow.

A Hope is ours that buds and flowers,  
 In dark and cloudy weather,  
 That sometime, as our hearts do now,  
 Our lives shall flow together.

MINNIE CARLTON.

## Mothers' Department.

### "BE PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES."

UNDOUBTEDLY the admonition, "Be patient with the little ones," is often misunderstood and misapplied, and that, too, by parents who earnestly desire to do right. It is not at all surprising that a person who, without experience, and with very little theoretical knowledge of any value, engages in the work of training children, should presently be seeking somewhat anxiously for easy ways to do right. For this work is in itself so nice and difficult as long ago to have given rise to the saying, trite enough, "You must bring up one family before you can know how it should be done."

The instincts of parental love, if they had a chance for full play, would, no doubt, find ways to surmount or to avoid many difficulties; but with the majority of us these instincts are not allowed their full freedom nor their natural action. In the sharp struggle for daily bread, in the oftentimes sharper struggle for social superiority, for wealth, for distinction, the affections are, in numberless instances, half-smothered or wholly warped—put off from day to day with the promise of "a more convenient season," which, perhaps, never comes, or comes only when it is too late.

Beset by the innumerable embarrassments that must attend an ignorant attempt to manage a most complex and delicate business, with every moment of time seemingly occupied to its utmost capacity with pressing cares and labors, almost precluding the possibility of coherent thought, the affectionate parents look out anxiously for advice. They are told on every side to "Be patient with the little ones," "Do not hold them with a stern, restraining hand," "Do not visit upon all their little faults and follies continual reproof and punishment" (the faults, however, seem to be continual and in endless variety), and one of the best educational writers of the present day says plainly, "Do not expect much moral goodness from children." The parental heart is sadly warped which does not throb assent to every kindly word that is uttered for children; and what wonder, then, if, amid the hurry and anxiety and the disappointing tangle of mistakes, the *quality* of the patience enjoined be mistaken, and the little faults and follies excused or ignored, until they become great and uncontrollable ones? Indeed, looking at the subject from this point of view, it is a matter for wonder that the work of home-training is so well done, that so many children do finally come up to worthy manhood and womanhood.

The patience needed in this work, however, is not merely a quiet endurance of the cares and vexations inseparably connected with it; there must be patience to labor on, though no immediate results of that labor be observable; to give "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," even though the lessons *seem* to be all lost; in short, patience "to labor and to wait." To labor, not leaving the little failings unnoticed, because they are little; to wait, not attempting too much at once, nor crowding the work of years into months; but steadily, calmly and unweariedly

striving to build up noble and symmetrical character, keeping always in view the end to be attained. For just here we are beset by a great danger—the danger of becoming confused in a labyrinth of the little details of every-day work, thus entirely losing sight of, or wandering far aside from, the final object of our labors. While we must remember that no circumstance of a child's life, no peculiarity of its mind, is too trivial to be noticed, since upon any one of them may hinge the mightiest consequences, we yet must never forget, in our watch of particulars, that it is the general tendency of all these combined which constitutes the progress of development. Yet how frequently it happens—alas, that it should *ever* happen—that the impatient thought, culminating, perhaps, in the impatient word or the impetuous deed, so magnifies some troublesome yet really trivial fault, that the child seems to us to be retrograding frightfully, when he is really making all practicable *normal* progress. Therefore it is well for us to know just what normal development really is.

The moral development which brings a great religious experience into a child's life; the judgment which knows to choose the good from the evil every time, ere yet the subject has reached his teens; the affection which, in childhood, always forgets itself in ministering to others, are not natural and well-timed phases of progress. They may be very convenient and gratifying to parents, and teachers, and friends, but they are not to be trusted for what they seem to be; these *apparently* lovely manifestations may be but the prelude to permanent disorganization; something in the mental economy is jarred or thrown out of place. With a wise care which holds in check, or, at least, refrains from encouraging any precocious action either of the intellect or of the sensibilities, the equilibrium may be restored. But the clear reflections, the steadily ruling conscience, the affectionate self-denial, which should be attributes of the mature mind, do not belong to childhood—should not be welcomed there. The immature forms of all human faculties should be there, and their crude and occasional expression should be gladly observed and carefully encouraged and directed; but everything in child-nature must *grow* to its appointed form and stature, in order to be reliable. Therefore, love's wise patience passes lightly over those childish peculiarities, which, though they may be somewhat troublesome and disagreeable, are yet certain to disappear as childhood disappears; and labors, with a faith that never despairs, upon the forming habits that will grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength.

H. M. BROOKS.

THERE'S a great song forever singing, and we're all parts and notes of it, if we will just let God put us in tune. What we call trouble is only His key, that draws our heart-strings truer and brings them up sweet and even to the heavenly pitch. Don't mind the strain; believe in the *note* every time His finger touches and sounds it.—MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

## The Home Circle.

### LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER.

#### LEAF FOURTH.

WINTER is over at last and changeful April sways her sceptre right royally over the earth, and showers, and sunshine, chilling winds and balmy airs alternate. One moment the face of nature is radiant with smiles, and the next is dripping with tears; soft and glowing tints of light and shade are penciled on the skies, only to be hidden from view by lowering, frowning clouds; the robins and early spring birds warble their sweetest, clearest notes and then hie away to the shelter of some friendly evergreen, till the fitful gusts of wind and rain are past; snow-drops, crocuses and daffodils nod their heads in the soft breeze, or bend shrinkingly before the blast. Here in the edge of the wood are large patches of snow and ice, while a little farther on, in a more exposed situation are trailing vines with scarlet berries, and tufts of the dark green liverwort struggling up amid the dry leaves, and crowned with blue, pink and white flowers of the most exquisite beauty.

So it is with human life; checkered, changeful varying human life. The bitter and the sweet mingled together. Flowers and thorns grow upon the self-same bush. The brightest joys are dimmed by sorrow, and the darkest clouds are silver-lined. But few lives are wholly desolate and fewer still are free from pain. The good things, and ill, are more equally distributed than some would have us think. Could we know the heart-history of many a smiling one, we should find that under the calm exterior was hidden away an aching or a breaking heart.

Here is a home of wealth, refinement and luxury, but within some darkened room lies, it may be the father, mother or an idolized child ill with a lingering, incurable disease; and how gladly would wealth and position be exchanged for health and soundness! and how often are the heads of the proud father and stately mother bowed low in grief on account of the sin of their offspring. There is not a man that expiates his sin in the penitentiary or on the gallows, but was once an innocent child, and was folded in the tender embrace of a loving mother, who would as soon have thought that the sun in the heavens would cease to shine, as that her child should come to such an end.

There in a humble cottage devoid of the luxuries of life, is a mother with four or five little ones dependent upon her daily toil for all the care and comfort they receive; and sometimes her burdens seem greater than she can bear; and just when the clouds are darkest, and depression and discouragement settles heaviest upon her; her little son climbs to her lap, and with his clinging arms about her neck and his soft cheek pressed close to hers, he murmurs: "Don't cry, mamma. I love oo!" as if his love could serve as protection from sorrow. She clasps him closer to her bosom, and a tender feeling floods her soul, as she looks over the little group of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked chil-

dren, now huddling together with tearful eyes and quivering lips in sympathy with mamma's distress; and her thoughts fly quickly to the mansion over the way, with the closed shutters, and the knot of crape fluttering from the door-knob, because the only heir of that proud home lies cold and still beneath its roof; and she wonders how she could ever find it in her heart to repine while such bright, healthful children, and such unsullied, trusting love was hers.

A friend of mine often says to me: "We never know what a day will bring forth. If I arise in the morning light-hearted and happy, something is almost sure to happen to put me out of sorts before night. I can hardly enjoy a pleasant hour for fear of the reaction that is sure to come."

"But would it not be better," I suggest, "to be grateful for present blessings, and enjoy them to the utmost while we may, and when trials come bear them bravely?"

When a young girl, I used often to visit and read the Scriptures to a dear, old, blind lady; and such was her patience and gentleness that one could not be much in her company without learning sweet lessons of faith and trust in God. She had been an ambitious, energetic woman, "looking well to the ways of her household," and "working diligently with her hands," and a real "Dorcas" in good works; and it seemed to me hard that she should be laid aside in the midst of her usefulness; but she would say: "It is all right, Milly. I needed just this discipline, else the dear Father in Heaven had not sent it. I think sometimes that my natural eyes were darkened that my inner vision might be clearer and stronger!"

"But were you always thus resigned?" I would ask.

"Not at first, oh, no! It cost me many a struggle to submit my will to the Lord's. I had so many plans by which I meant to do some little good in the world, and when these were frustrated my heart rebelled, but not for long; for the blessed Lord taught me that 'His ways were not as our ways,' and that while He calls some to do His will, others are called to suffer His will, and that one is as much loving service as the other, if performed in a right and submissive spirit."

I never visited the old lady without being strengthened in my desires and purposes to live a better and more useful life; and I used to compare her in my mind to those travelers, who climbed so far up the mountain-side that they could gaze with rapture upon bewildering loveliness of the landscape that lay spread out before them, while far below in the valley, mists and shadows shut in and obscured the vision on every hand.

But here comes Nellie, saying: "Tea is nearly ready, Aunt Milly, and Fred wants you to come out on the piazza. It is so nice since the shower; you can't think how it has started the grass, and the great, pearly rain-drops are clinging to everything and sparkling like so many diamonds; and there is just the loveliest rainbow. Come." So I close my little diary for to-night and follow her retreating steps.

CELIA SANFORD.



## WORDS FROM AN INVALID.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: I have been a constant reader of the HOME MAGAZINE for over twelve years, as it was the first magazine I ever subscribed for, and I was only ten years old when I began to look for its welcome visits. It seems almost as near as any of my friends, and I believe it would be missed nearly as much as anything could be, if we should be deprived of its cheerful face. What makes it more necessary to me now, is the fact that for two long years I have not been from my room but a few times, and I do not know what I should have done without it, as the days seem so long to me; and do you know, I always turn to dear *Lichen's* letter first, for I know how to sympathize with her, as it is very hard to give up everything to one who has always been an active worker in this old busy hive of ours. But I try to think that I may do a little to make others happy, by bearing it all as patiently as I can; for I am sure my Heavenly Father knows what is for my good, and will surely give me grace and strength to bear it all, if it is for the best, for has He not promised that "sufficient unto thy day shall thy strength be," and I trust Him and His precious promises implicitly. But sometimes it seems hard to drink of the bitter cup, and still say "Thy will be done."

And now I wish to say to you all, who are well and able to go out among your fellow-men (and women also), that if you only knew how much it helped us who are not able to leave our beds, for months and years, and whose days and nights are full of pain and suffering, you would gladly leave a little unnecessary work or sewing undone to call on such an one. Who can tell how much it helps to pass away the long, lonely hours. I am thankful that I have found my friends so kind, as they all seem to be so thoughtful of my comfort, and my room is filled with little love-tokens, some of which were sent from friends now far away, and others who have gone to their Heavenly home, all of which help so much to brighten my room, and beguile the hours of pain, as much as such things can. And they all think of some little dainty to tempt the appetite, and if it is the same that I have every day, it tastes so much better as I eat it and think of the dear friend, who was so kind and thoughtful of my comfort. And others think of my love for books (which I do enjoy so much) and keep me supplied with reading. One almost needs to be in trouble to know how to appreciate her true friends. I thank dear *Lichen* for her words of hope and cheer to poor, despondent humanity, and am so glad that she is better, and hope she will be well and strong soon. But I must stop right here or I will try the patience of Mr. Arthur too much if I go on, so good-bye. HELEN.

MOTHER'S ROOM.—It was ever a haven of rest and comfort to her children. Her constant effort was to make it cozy, fresh and bright; feeling amply repaid when she knew that it was the "dearest spot on earth" to them. And she had her reward; for as long as they lived—even after they had pleasant homes of their own—the hearts of my brothers would turn toward home and "mother's room," feeling, when they got there, perfect content.

## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 48.

THROW open the window to the morning sun, and let the fresh breeze come in with its vivifying breath. There, that is pleasant. Now, what are each one of you doing this lovely morning? I am tired of my lounge and corner, for, not feeling well as usual, I have had to keep pretty closely to them during the last few days; and it is much more irksome to me now, since I am able most of the time to sit up and move about so much more than I could for many years. I want to sit by the window, and see how every green thing is drinking in this balmy air, and throwing it out again in new leaves and buds. I wish I could look far enough to take a peep at our "Home Circle" at their various associations—see what they are doing, and how they really look. "Avis," farthest off of any, still has to keep a good warm fire amid her pine forests, where the warmth of spring is so long in coming. I fancy her a teacher, perhaps, working busily, with energetic will and brave heart. "Earnest" is a dear little home-wife and mother, earnest-eyed and tender, with a heart and hand ready to sympathize with and help any within her reach who are in trouble. She is probably teaching her little one his A, B, C's this morning, or watching him play as she sits with her sewing by the south window. Miss "Pipsey" and Mrs. "Chatty" are at their desks, perhaps; or Pipsey is flying about giving directions to the man who digs up the garden, or making a nice dish for dinner, or showing some young girl how to fix over her last year's hat, to make it look neat for spring wear. She can do a little of almost anything that lies in a woman's line, I believe.

Madge Carrol, tall and stately in figure, with black hair and dark eyes to suit her name, is tending her precious flowers. Many new and pleasant thoughts they will give her, I am sure, of the "bouquet of letters" she received last summer from all directions, telling her such charming flower stories. I hope the arbutus will still "whisper the secrets of spring," and the fuchsia bells ring sweet music; that "heartsease" will always live for her, while the fair, stately lilies speak pure and holy thoughts to her soul.

The little teacher "out West" watches her charges, and listens to good and bad lessons, with gentle patience and timely admonitions, looking out her window sometimes with a secret longing to be out in the fresh, green woods, away from the wearisome work and noise of the school-room.

Minnie Carlton—whom I fancy as a petite figure, with bright, sunny face—is bending over her pansy-bed, longing to see their sweet faces looking up at her again. That busy mother, living among the "Lonesome Hills" of Texas, has probably got the larger part of her six responsibilities off to school, and is now, I hope, enjoying a bit of out-door refreshment among her vines and trees. In her climate, she is surrounded already with almost summer wealth of foliage and bloom. Those pine woods must be grand and solemn places, where one might listen to silent sermons, or grand old poems whispered by the majestic trees as the soft winds sigh through their branches. This communing with nature is next thing to com-

muning with God, and should often turn our thoughts to Him.

I read the other day, in a book of "Aphorisms," this one, which attracted me particularly: "Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on this world about us." I remembered it just now, seeing Lizzie out among her roses, trimming them up ready for spring blooming. To think of His loving thought for us being shown through every flower that we enjoy, no matter how small or simple it is, seems wonderful, and makes them of so much more worth.

There are so many other beautiful thoughts on the same subject in this book. One from the pen of Richter: "The Infinite has sown His name in the heavens in burning stars, but on the earth He has sown His name in tender flowers."

Longfellow calls them

"Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land."

And I believe Cunningham says the prettiest thing of all:

"There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower,  
On every herb on which you tread  
Are written words which, rightly read,  
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod  
To hope, and holiness, and God."

Yet how seldom we heed these lessons. How carelessly, or as a matter of course, we generally take these gifts and use them, or often pass them by indifferently, not thinking of the beautiful meaning which they hold.

I made a wreath a short time ago of some treasures of leaf and flower, which I had been gathering together for a long time. Floy helped me to arrange them, as I have not much inventive genius about making such things. I chose a pale gray-tinted paper to make it on, as it would be a softer background than the glaring white, and placed first two crimson and gold maple leaves from our own woods in the centre of the lower edge. Over the crossed stems we fastened a bunch of green and gray lichen. Then on either side came sprigs of rich green box-wood, sent me from far-away Maryland, and graceful little ferns from "Earnest's" home among the hills of New York. Next some golden aspen-leaves from a spot I used to love, and dark, glossy green ones from the viburnums and bays of New Orleans, bringing memories of hours I spent under the shade of those trees. In a conspicuous position are placed three crimson-and-brown leaves from Mount Vernon, sacred as coming from the tomb of our great hero; and on the opposite side a little twig of bright yellow elm-leaves from the home of our venerable poet, Longfellow. The sweet singer may have walked beneath the very tree on which they grew when composing some of his beautiful lines. In the centre of the paper, Floy drew a little cross in crayon, which I ornamented with ferns and sprays of well-moss—so like sea-weed—and at its base grouped some of the most valued treasures—those from foreign lands. An ivy leaf from Kenilworth Castle, and a bunch of daisies from the grave of the gentle poetess, Adelaide Proctor. A friend traveling in England sent these to me five years ago. And with them I placed the greatest curi-

osity of all—a sprig from one of the cedars of Lebanon, which has found its way through three different hands to my little far-off corner. Lebanon, renowned in days when the ancient books of the Bible were written, yet still standing in the place of departed glories, and sending its mementos to all parts of this new world.

This completes the wreath, and I would like to show it to you when in its frame, which Lizzie is to make of pine cones and acorns gathered near our old home. I cannot number the thoughts and scenes which come whenever I look at it. There is so much hidden beneath many of its leaves which no one else can see. And while I am saying good-bye, I would also thank each one reading this who has sent me anything toward its composition for the pleasure they have helped to bestow. May the flowers of love and happiness, and the leaves of many virtues, grow in all your hearts, and throw their sweet influence around your way.

LICHEN.

#### A LETTER FROM AUNT RENA.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: You always come so bright and cheering, that I wonder if any of you ever meet with the unaccountable shadows that sometimes envelop me. It seems at such times as if there was nothing but darkness. I know some of you will understand these seasons which fall into the lives of so many women—when Minnie's innocent play set the nerves a quivering, and Rob's marbles and top, with his "Look, mamma," are torture. If the "spell" comes on in winter, a rainy day, with an east wind, as it is very apt to do, how we long for the bright summer days, when the little ones can play out of doors without the nightmare of coughs and croups haunting our thoughts.

Sometimes a simple thing will snap the cords that seem to bind the spirit with bars of steel, and the clouds break away, showing bright gleams in the out-look, as after quick spring showers. There seems to be a unity in all nature's arrangements, if we could only find the clew.

These dark hours remind me much of night, or the longer gloom of winter; then, though everything is wrapped in darkness, or seemingly dead, still the silent influences work on, giving strength to the oak, creating new affinities of beauty for the flowers and waking up the germs of life in seeds and buds. And when morning breaks over the dewy hills, or spring awakes the flowers with a touch of her fairy wand, how quickly gloom flies away, and everything is brighter for the transient darkness. So it is in these gloomy seasons; after they pass away, we look back and wonder what has so changed everything. Minnie's bird-like laugh is now melody, and Rob's boyish glee the bass viol of the home-music.

The love and culture of flowers I accept as a great boon to care-worn hearts. Often, when perplexed or worried almost past human endurance, I look around at a simple window-pot of flowers to meet the merry gaze of a pansy. It looks so cunning, so knowing, as if it would speak and say, "Why so sad, when there's so much to make you glad?" Or look into the dewy heart of a violet, so like the blue eyes of a child bedewed with tears of sympathy, or the innocent purity of a babe in

snowy robes. As I inhale their fragrance as sweet incense, I earnestly thank God for flowers. If it derogates not from His dignity and grandeur to paint the flowers, and endow them with the subtle grace which speaks to our hearts, surely He intended us to love them. Their mission on earth is so pure, and so world-wide is their influence, that they may be called little missionaries. They are often the first object eager baby-fingers try to grasp, and the last to cheer the home of the aged. What more fit emblem to crown a bride, or clasp in the cold fingers of death, than these lovely memorials of God's love?

I can never forget one little sufferer, now with the angels, who, when scorched with fever and delirious with pain, would rest from her tossings for a moment to take an offered flower. She seemed to know and love them even after the clouded mind had ceased to recognize the mother who bore her.

When these dark hours fall into our lives, we can only

"Hold God's hand the tighter,  
And trust Him all the while,"

accepting such means of relief as He is sure to place in our reach, if we have the grace to accept.

AUNT RENA.

### THE SCHOOL OF FRUGALITY.

#### THIRD TERM OF FIRST SESSION.

##### THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS.

**G**OOD-MORNING, gir—*young ladies*, I may almost say! My, how you have grown! Old enough for boarding-school! And your parents grieve that they cannot send you on account of the *dress-necessities* for a girl to be sent from home. Is our School of Frugality about to prove a failure? Cannot we put into practice some of the lessons taught in the doll-house? Let's see if we cannot *squeeze* you into the narrow confines of a boarding-school in proper costume. Your early lessons have, in a measure, fitted you for the enterprise. Yes, you are fourteen, and have outgrown your well-worn and neatly-mended under-clothes. You will need a new outfit, as you will have little time for repairing at school.

Twenty yards of fine, wide, unbleached cotton will be enough for two complete suits for change. For two under-skirts, tear off two widths for each, long enough to reach the shoe-tops. Cut the side gores from the front widths, invert and sew the selvedge to the bias, which must be held a little full to keep it from stretching. Put in the back width plain; cut off the extra length of side gore, and make a hem around the bottom one inch wide. Gather the plain width into a binding at the top, with a buttonhole under arms. Fold the cloth lengthwise in the middle, and cut a pair of long sack gowns. Use the scraps from shoulder for gores at the bottom; cut a slit fourteen inches long in front, and face it below the lining, which should come below the arm-hole. Fold a corner of the cloth to such a bias as will make a sleeve large enough at the top and small enough at the hand, and cut it with the seam rounding the elbow. Make narrow hems on them. Instead of chemise, make a pair of sack-waists with stout hems on the bottom for buttoning drawers and skirts to. Upon

the edge of neck and sleeves of gowns and waists, and the bottom of drawers and under-skirts, sew serpentine braid upon one suit and a closely-crocheted edging upon the other for protecting them from wear. A few washings will bleach these, and they will be serviceable.

One yard and a half of linen will make all the handkerchiefs and collars needed. Quarter a yard of linen, turn down a hem half an inch wide, and stitch on the sewing machine or hem-stitch with the fingers. Cut the remaining half yard in strips two inches wide, fold over a strip of bleached muslin, turn in the edge and stitch all around on the machine. This will make a half dozen collars, and cuffs besides, three-ply, by putting cotton between. These collars are to be basted inside the little collars upon the two plain, neat calico dresses for "week about."

Have a pair of checked gingham chalk aprons with long, pointed pockets for service. Two pairs of good stockings, one pair of good leather shoes and one of morocco. If in summer, one linen; if winter, a gray woolen dress for second best and to travel to and from school in. One church-dress, with a pair of gloves to match, and a girlish gypsy-hat with good ribbon to harmonize with the color of the dress (in the neck of which is basted a bit of good lace, or a pure linen collar). A thick veil pinned over this hat will protect it while traveling, and a pair of gray lisle-thread gloves will save your kids for church wear. For everyday, have a sunbonnet and two pairs of half-mits, knit or made of wash-material; put a pair on clean every week with your other clean clothes. For winter, have a warm little sack cloak, and never allow it to get full of down. Hang it up, wrong side out, by a tape inside the collar.

A small trunk will hold all you will need. Use the same economy of space in packing it as God has used in folding the brain in your narrow cranium, and begin by placing what you will not be likely to need soon at the bottom. This may be one nice suit of underwear, if you are able to afford it. After packing under-clothes and calico dresses, put in the nice dress and cloak on top, that they may not get crushed and wrinkled. In the tray, put your needle-pocket, with scissors, thimble, thread, buttons and anything likely to be needed about mending. Also your gloves, handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs, pins and shoe-strings, a cake of good soap, tooth-brush, hair-brush and comb, penknife, pencil, penholder, ink, paper, envelopes and stamps. In the roof of trunk put your stockings, shoes, a bundle of pieces for mending, your everyday gloves and bonnet. You will need no pin-money, nor tricks nor trinkets, save a substantial, neat pin for confining your collar at the throat.

Here you have nothing superfluous to have stolen, nor to give to the washerwoman or chambermaid in that moment when you wish to appear so flush with plenty that you "don't care a fig" what becomes of anything. Nor will you have anything to lend to that class found in the boarding-school, as well as elsewhere, who depend upon borrowing to take them through.

On a page of paper take a list of all you have beginning with the washable materials, and leaving the remainder of the lines blank. Paste this in the top of your trunk convenient to mark upon when you give out your washing. Take a list of your old school-books to compare with that which

the institute requires you to have. If you have none suitable, get second-hand or hire books, or, if forced to buy new ones, take great care of them, writing your name with leadpencil, that it may be erased, and the book sold the next session, or to the institute authorities at the close of the first session.

Do not buy blank books and scribble about in them, but take a half quire of paper and put a back on it yourself for copying your exercises into. Compose all your letters and essays upon your slate or the blank side of old letters or compositions, and copy them neatly upon clean paper, beginning at the top of the page. Never tear off a fresh half sheet of paper while you have a dozen lying loose with a heading simply, discarded through some *fancied* imperfection. Dismiss the school-girl folly of having so many "darling friends" to write to about nothing. Write once a month to your parents of your progress in your studies, and not about this and that which a girl must have or she is not thought anything of. If your shoes should rip at the heel, do not write for a new pair, but take a coarse needle and black thread, catch an up-and-down stitch in the old holes, upon this side and that alternately, drawing your thread tightly as you proceed; the seam will close upon the inside, leaving no sign of stitches; fasten well, and your shoes are as good as ever.

During study hours apply yourself with diligence, even Friday night, that you may have Saturday for righting up your things, composing and recreation. Spend Sunday as a day of rest literally, and not in the study of those little airs and affectations which all girls seem to think mark the improvement or distinguish boarding-school girls from the unimportant world outside of their particular institution.

Frugality may be exercised in manners as well as in actual business. Let every motion of feature or gesture of limb be with a purpose. Let them be prompted by a soul at the bottom of them. What use of all those unmeaning glances, contortions and giggles! A waste of time, muscle and thought which should be applied to easy grace and dignified carriage. Be temperate in all things.

M. L. SAYERS.

#### SO EASY ON PAPER.

HOW easy it all sounds when you read dear Pipey's account of fixing over old coats and pantaloons, and such little pieces of fancy work. It seems as easy as knitting. But just try it once. I have always observed that lessons of thrift generally were much easier on paper than in plain every-day life. But I believe in them—every one of them. I know they do great good, and suggest a thousand and one contrivances which help along wonderfully in the hard pinches of life.

Still, I am afraid now and then some dear toiling heart will grow discouraged just by reading them. "I never can fix our Ned's old coat that way," sighs dear little Pauline, as she tucks baby away in his nest, and snatches up his short dress and hurriedly works a buttonhole before it is time to set the table. When will she ever get his short clothes done, so he can go into them, poor dear!

All the time that coat hangs up in the closet, and in a way seems to reproach her morbid conscience. Ned wants it. He can't just see why Pauly can't do it as well as his mother used to. He has not grumbled, to be sure; but Pauline knows just what he thinks, and to attack that coat looks much as it would to storm a fortress to the very rawest recruit that ever handled a musket.

Tailoring is not counted one of the needfuls of woman's education nowadays, and there is no justice in demanding it of her. No person can do everything in the short lifetime given her; and piling up other people's burdens on a delicate young wife's shoulders has laid many a one in her grave, and sent plenty of others to the insane asylum. If one knows how to do these things, and has time for it, as Pipey has, very good. If you have neither, send the work out to some wise woman in your neighborhood who is glad to get such odds and ends of work, and knows how to do it right. Almost every place, large or small, has one or more such lone woman, who has the skill to make old goods almost new; and there is solid satisfaction in contemplating such handiwork when it comes home. There is no comfort in doing the work yourself in a bungling, unskillful way, after all the weary hours and heartaches you have expended over it yourself.

Throw the old coats into the rags, and let new ones be bought, before you make yourself wretched and life a burden by overwork in trying to repair them yourself, when you have neither the requisite time or skill. Repairs of a mild type, of course, any sensible woman will be glad to make; but where high art is required, pass it on to those who know how.

MIRIAM.

DEAR members of the "Home Circle:" I feel as though I must write and tell you all how much good you have done me through the best magazine in the world. I have taken the HOME MAGAZINE for fifteen years, and expect to take it as long as I live, if it is a hundred years! that is, if you all live and write for it that long. I love you all, and words would fail me should I try to express my gratitude. How I wish you could all come away out here in Illinois and take tea with me. I know by your writings that we would not slander any one, nor exchange gossip; for it seems wrong to associate your names with such low things, you seem such true and earnest people, trying to help us in so many ways.

I will send you two receipts which have been of value to me. A neighbor told me the first, but necessity the other, one day as I was making fruit-cake.

TO OPEN GLASS FRUIT-CANS EASILY.—Turn them top downward in two or three inches of hot water for about a minute, then take the cover off immediately.

TO WASH ENGLISH CURRANTS, OR OTHER SANDY FRUIT.—Look the currants over enough to get out the little pebbles, large stones, etc., then put them in a colander and set it in a pan of water; stir them thoroughly with your hand, or large spoon; taking care to stir continually from the lowest part where the sand would naturally settle. The sand and most of the stems will settle to the bottom of the pan, leaving the fruit clear of grit.

FIDUS ACHATES.



## The Temperance Cause.

### BIBLE WINES.

FROM the pen of Dr. G. W. Samson, formerly president of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., we have a most interesting book, entitled, "The Divine Law as to Wines," which few, we believe, can read without being convinced that the wines of the Bible were of two kinds, fermented and unfermented. It is published by the National Temperance Society, New York.

We subjoin a part of the author's preface, as giving a summary of the whole book. "In all ages of thought and culture, physicians, statesmen and moralists have recognized the 'poison' lurking in fermented wines; and from sanitary, social and religious convictions, they have sought to counteract and eradicate it. The Egyptians and Hebrews had an 'unfermented wine;' as a chain of authorities from Moses, the historian and law-giver, to Fuerst, the latest Hebrew lexicographer, attest. The *laxative*, as opposed to the intoxicating, effect of such wine, is stated by a succession of Hebrew, Grecian and Roman writers. The mode of preparing and preserving such wine is minutely described by Roman writers from Cato, B. C., 200, to Pliny, A. D., 100. The fact that such wine is referred to in the Gospel histories as that used by Christ at both the Passover and Lord's Supper, is confirmed by the words of the inspired writers, by the comments and translations of the early and of the Reformed Christian scholars, and by the prevailing, though oftentimes perverted, practice of the Jewish and Christian Churches."

Of course, as one might expect from the subject, much relating to antiquarian research, the translation of different terms, and so forth, is not easily comprehended by the general reader. But we may properly refer to two words, upon which Dr. Samson dwells with peculiar emphasis. These are "yayin" and "tiros," the former of which means "wine" in its general sense, including all drinks known by that name; and the latter, simply sweet, or unfermented wine. From the occurrence of these two words throughout the Hebrew Scriptures, we have the two images, brought to the mind in connection with wine. For instance, in strong contrast to "wine is a mocker," appears, "wine that maketh glad the heart of man." We may add here that, as an equivalent to the Hebrew "tiros," or sweet wine, we have the Greek "gleukos," and the Latin, "must."

Dr. Samson also speaks of the different methods which have been used to prevent fermentation.

"First. As the presence of water is essential to the formation of alcohol from grape-sugar, the simple drying of the grape before the skin is broken permanently arrests alcoholic ferment; a fact which permits the Jews of modern times to produce from crushed and moistened raisins the original grape-juice in preparing their Paschal wines. Second. As the sugar in the grape is concentrated in the flowing juice, while the albumen which causes ferment is in the pulp lining the skin and inclosing the seeds, a separation of these two prevents ferment. This was effected by the

Romans and even by the Egyptians, in these two ways: first, by gently pressing the grapes so that the sweet fluid alone oozed from the skins; second, by straining the juice in the vat so as to exclude the pulpy portions. Third. As a temperature above fifty degrees F., and thence to about eighty-five degrees, is essential for the ferment that raises bread, causes seed to germinate, and produces alcohol, the placing of grape-juice in cold water or in a cool cellar arrests ferment. Fourth. As the presence of oxygen in the air is essential to acetous, if not to vinous, fermentation, exclusion of the air by tight corking arrests, if it does not entirely prevent fermentation. Fifth. As artificial heating drives off water, whose presence is essential to fermentation, the boiling of grape-juice to a syrup, the *debbs* of the Hebrews, and the *dibs* of the Arabs, prevents the formation of alcohol. Sixth. As the increase of the proportion of sulphur in the albuminous parts of grape-juice is found to limit the action of its nitrogenous element, ancient experiment as well as modern science has attested that the addition of sulphur, found in the sulphurous pumice-stone of volcanic Italy, arrests the alcoholic fermentation in grape-juice. The fact that by these processes throughout the Roman Empire before Christ's day, unintoxicating must formed from grape-juice, as well as sweet drinks, like the *sherbets* of modern Palestine and the Levant, were in common use, and were especially employed in religious rites, must serve as a guiding light in tracing the law of wines in religious uses."

Of the modes of preparing unintoxicating wines, Dr. Samson further says: "Cato, the earliest of the so-called 'rustic,' or agricultural writers, about B. C. 200, describes especially the mode of preparing must, thus: 'If you wish to have must all the year, put the grape-juice in a flask (amphora), seal over the cork with pitch, and lower it into a cistern (piscina). After thirty days, take it out; it will be must all the year.' (De Re Rustica, c. 120). Passing on, the writer adds: 'Sometimes, in allusion to grape-juice, "vinum mustum" is used, showing that the unfermented juice of the grape was regarded and called wine, just as in modern times fresh apple-juice, before ferment begins, is called "new cider."'

"Columella, the rural writer, more fully than Cato at an earlier age, describes the mode of preparing unintoxicating wine. He says: 'That must may remain always sweet, as if it were fresh, thus do: before the grape-skins have been put under the press, put must, the freshest possible from the wine-vat, into a new flask, and seal and pitch it over carefully, so that no water can get in. Then sink the flask in cold, sweet water, so that no part of it shall be uncovered. Then again, after the fortieth day, take it out; and, thus prepared, it will remain sweet throughout the year.'

"Pliny mentions fourteen kinds of sweet wine, invented to diminish the intoxicating influence of wine; and he defines 'defrutum' as wine boiled down to half its consistency. He especially states that among sweet wines is that which the Greeks call *aeigleukos*, or 'semper mustum,' always must, or unfermented grape-juice—another link in the



chain of testimonies as to unfermented wines. Stating that this *aeigleukos* is made by preventing the grape juice from fermenting, he defines fermentation thus: 'So they call the passing over of must into wines.' He states that fermentation is arrested in Greece by tightly corking the grape-juice fresh from the press-vat, or by drying the grapes, as in Narbonensis, on the vines, and at the same time preparing from them, soaked in water, the '*aeigleukos*.'

"Among the counter-methods of preventing intoxication, he describes, as Cato and Columella, the preparation of must; he notices the Greek *protropos* as the 'must which flows of its own accord before the grapes are trodden;' he further mentions 'a mode of preserving musts in the first stage of ferment;' and again shows how to arrest ferment, when by carelessness it arises in must, by the use of anything that has sulphur in it, as pumice-stone, or lava, the yolk of an egg, or sulphur fumes."

These are only gleanings. But that the ancients really had unfermented, unintoxicating wines, we think is an established fact. Also that, as far back in ancient history as we can go, we will find such wines recognized. In the earliest record, that of Moses in Genesis, Pharaoh's chief butler describes the blossoming and the bearing of the grape-vine, and speaks of himself as pressing the grapes into the king's cup, and then immediately giving it into the sovereign's hand.

As we write, we have before us three cuts representing three distinct processes in the most ancient modes of preparing unfermented wines. They are copied from sculptures in relief, richly painted, found on the walls of tombs at Beni Hassan, in Upper Egypt. They are found in the volumes of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and were carefully studied by the writer in February, 1848. The tombs have, at their entrance, the cartouche of Osirtasen I, the Pharaoh of Joseph's day. The first represents the twist-press, the "torcular" of the Romans, and specially illustrate the straining of the saccharine from the albuminous ingredient in grape-juice, the cloth of the sack preventing the pulpy albumen from passing out with the watery, sugary fluid. The second, the tread-press, exhibits the immediate drawing off and storing of the strained juice, which issues from a spout of the vat, in which the strainer is not seen, pours into a tub, and is thence dipped fresh into jars and stored in the wine-vault. The third shows the mode of preserving stored grape-juice, by first pouring the juice into jars, and then putting a coating of olive-oil on top. The youth who pours in the oil has in his hand an oil-scoop like those now found in ancient tombs in Egypt, Cyprus and Greece. To this last description, Dr. Samson adds: "To this custom of preserving must and other fruit-products by oil, Pliny and Columella allude, Columella saying that 'before the must is poured into the jars' they should be 'saturated with good oil.'"

## Housekeepers' Department.

### HER OWN NOTIONS.

WE write this in early March. It is a beautiful spring morning. Our hand will hardly be content to spin out line after line, when up stairs and down we find so many jobs of work needing our attention. Sometimes we say we wish we could do nothing but write, then perhaps we could learn to do it well, and carefully, and express ourselves better. But the good, old deacon looks up from the open Bible on his knees, tips his glasses up on his forehead, and says: "O Pipey, it's so much better this way. You get exercise by changing your work, and you get new ideas, and you come nigher to the working-people when you are one among 'em. If you knew nothing about housework, and close managing, and gittin' along, how do you s'pose you could help those who do? And then there is nothing in the world so healthful as housework. That's what makes women handy-like, and gives 'em a good appetite, and makes 'em the joy and comfort of their homes. My! how miserable and lonely it would be if all the housewives wrote for the papers! Just ask the children what it puts 'em in mind of to hear the scratching, buzzing, whispering sound of the pen skating hour after hour across the sheet. Even to this day they'll mind it 'nation well, I'll warrant. Indeed, I thought it was pretty lonely myself."

Well, after these fatherly talks, we always feel better satisfied—the same as we did last night, when the March number of the magazine came,

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and we read the heartsome, sisterly greeting of that generous girl, Mary, who wanted to hug us. Hug away! Never mind the *ruche* or the smooth hair; Lily never does. Not an hour before your pretty banter, she had said: "Pipey, seems to me your gray dress is not becoming, and you look so tired; let me try what virtue there is in the touch of a skillful hand;" and she put a crisp, new *ruche* inside of our collar, and fastened it with a little gold pin, let our hair down and smoothed its length with a metallic brush, coiled it up loosely, put our garnet ear-drops in, and then stepping back, surveyed us and said: "Ah, yes, Pipey, your gray dress does become you," and then she took the kiss that Mary might have had.

"How did we make the top crust of that great chicken pot-pie?" she asks.

Easy enough; and we think we first learned how from some other woman's way in ARTHUR. Katy may not have made herself understood. In the first place, we made three separate chicken pies, in three different kettles, baked at the same time in our large stove-oven. You all know how they are made, the process to go through—the chicken, and crust, and pepper, and salt, and butter—the fowl cooked first in plenty of water, and the broth kept hot to pour over as required while baking. This is our way—preferable by far to making it before the chicken is first boiled. You likewise know that the portion of the crust which is baked a delicate brown is the best part of the dish. To insure this, we have a way of our own, which we have taught our girls to regard as one of the best ways

known. When we make the pie ready to put into the oven, the chicken is partially covered with the crust cut in strips and laid over. When it has browned, we roll out a round bit of dough—like one layer of a strawberry short-cake—cut two or three gashes across it, spread it over the top of the pie that is baking noisily in the oven, see that there is plenty of broth to boil up through it, hurry and close the oven, and leave it until the pie is baked on top a nice brown. Then we roll out another crust-cover and put on again, and let it bake brown. Sometimes, if the chicken was not young and very plump, we put a lump of good butter on top before we spread the last layer over. This insures a rich crust, and, as in the case of the Thanksgiving pot-pie, facilitates the separating of the layers.

You women who are learning a new wrinkle—Mary, for instance—will understand now how easily it was to lift off these covers, pour the contents of the kettles into a large, new, tin bread-pan, and shingle over the whole top of the immense pie, putting it in good and presentable shape for dinner. A good plan for a big picnic, soldiers' reunion, barn-raising, festival or any great gathering.

We think we have made it plain, and we hope others may profit by it. To give one a fair opportunity to manage such a baking without burning her hands or arms, the upper grate in the oven should be taken out previously, and a small dipper with a long handle used to lift the hot broth when pouring over the pies.

And, Mary, the name by which we are known sounds very sweet to us, falling from the lips of beloved ones; and we have no doubt our plain face looks really quite handsome to them. Sometime you kind women shall see the picture and the semblance of the woman who has "cut up" to make you laugh; who has tried to help you, and to lighten your cares, to make you patient under tribulation, hopeful when you walked among the shadows, cheerful under difficulties, and trustful in the promises of One who has gone before to prepare mansions for the weary. Of course we loved all of you. We knew it many a time when the tears dropped down upon the page we were writing; we had no doubt of our earnestness, and that your welfare lay close to our heart.

In how many ways we can help one another! We may have scruples, or be over-nice, when, if we knew it, the clear-seeing, practical man or woman of ripe experience, against whom we jostle in the street, could make very clear and satisfactory the trouble of ours. We may be puzzled about the bread we make not being white enough, our butter oily, our canned fruit showing signs of fermentation, the red in our rag-carpet fading, the vinegar sullenly refusing to become acid, our hanging-baskets remaining no prettier than when we first made them, our cellars not cool in hot weather or our cream not keeping sweet in those trying times in the summer when the dog-star reigns. All of these little annoyances that come to us could be smoothed out nicely, perhaps, by some dear old grandma, who couldn't read a chapter in Matthew without spelling half the words, and who wrote her good old-fashioned name with a X.

In our own experience, every one of these "trifling ills of every day" has annoyed us, and in no instance has the better way come to us through any one's scholastic attainments. It is

not the scholar who is wiser than the plowman, or whose superior knowledge puts to blush the sound, vigorous, practical good sense of the working-woman whose hands are hard and horny, and whose smooth forehead is as brown as her husband's. So don't give us credit when we tell you something good and useful, for very likely we may have gleaned it from a robust farmer's wife as she bent over her kneading-board, or butter-bowl, or dye-kettle, or washing-tub, or ironing-table.

We are always so glad to learn newer and better ways, to know how other people do; and we never yet found a woman over whose shoulder we were peeping who became angry or regarded us as meddling.

But the best thing we have discovered in many, many years, we learned from a lady in Richmond, Virginia, a charming, intelligent woman, the wife of a minister. Those Southern sisters of ours seem to know everything, and yet they are anxious to learn our ways, just as though we could teach them. They are so modest and unassuming. We do not think there is an easier, better or simpler process for making good yeast and good bread than this which the woman wrote out and sent to us. We regard it as invaluable, and we thank her again and again for it.

"TO MAKE YEAST.—Sift one quart of flour, and into it mix one small tablespoonful of pulverized alum and one tablespoonful of sugar. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, and pour upon the flour, stirring steadily all the while, until you have a batter almost as thick as dough. Stand it aside to cool; at the same time dissolve in tepid water a half dozen good yeast-cakes, or, instead, take a teaspoonful of good lively baker's yeast. See to it that this yeast be of a good quality, for more depends on this particular than any other item. When the dough is cold, stir in the yeast, mixing well, and set to rise in a moderately warm place. I usually scald the flour and dissolve the cakes when I am getting dinner, then put them together at supper and set to rise till the next morning. When risen sufficiently—which will be known by the dough being light and puffy—work in corn-meal enough to roll out. Cut into cakes about two inches in diameter, and dry in the shade—say in an upstairs chamber which is well ventilated by the winds coming in and going out at the windows. This quantity makes one hundred and fifty cakes, and they can be kept any length of time. I have myself kept them four or five months. They never grow sour nor musty, nor lose their strength. One must be careful to make them from the very best of live yeast—therein lies the virtue.

"TO MAKE THE BREAD.—After breakfast drop into a large teacupful of water two yeast-cakes with a heaping teaspoonful of sugar. At noon in cold weather, or at three o'clock in warm weather, stir into this flour enough to make a batter, and set to rise where it will keep moderately warm. If water rises on top, stir in a little more flour. At night sift two quarts of flour, put in salt and a tablespoonful of lard, mix with the batter and water, knead into a smooth dough, and set to rise until morning. Then grease your pans, mould into rolls or loaves and set to rise in a warm place. Will be light in three-quarters of an hour; bake with moderate heat. The rule for baking is to have the oven hot enough to hold your hand in it while you can count twenty slowly. The time re-

quired for baking depends on the thickness of the loaves, rolls or biscuit. We generally bake our loaves in forty minutes, our rolls in twenty or twenty-five minutes, and our biscuit in six minutes. In cold weather, we set our pans, with the loaves in them, on warm brick over which we have laid a folded shawl, or stand the pans over warm water. The addition of the lard will be found satisfactory, as the crust will be delicate and tender, and the fine bread-y flavor will be so much better than if made the old way."

Now will you women please read this over slowly, follow along carefully, and see how materially this Southern woman's way does differ from ours! It is not half the trouble that our plan is. There is no scalding of flour, no troublesome grating of raw potatoes, or paring them and boiling them and pressing through a colander—a messy way, that makes so many things to wash—no scalding of hops and straining the tea, and perhaps using too much in a mistake, and making dark bread; no hap-hazard, which sometimes necessitates the use of soda to sweeten the acid which permeates the whole batch; no running a tilt with the supper hour because two jobs collide; and no wishing that the untimely caller would bow his adieu so you could scald the flour or grate the potatoes. Adopt the formula of this benefactress of ours, and all the fuss and worry is among the memories of the past. You drop the dry little cakes into the tepid water and go on with your reading, or writing, or sewing; in the late afternoon you stir a few spoonfuls of flour into the bowl or pitcher—we use an old china sugar-bowl—stand it in a warm place, say in the sunshine in the pantry window, and just before bedtime you mix up your bread and stand it on the flour-barrel or a chair under one of the low shelves. Whoever washes dishes in the evening should grease the bake-pans ready for morning; it facilitates the work wonderfully, because in the early morning one's machinery runs heavily, needing the oil and the friction that comes with activity. By the time the breakfast is off the kitchen stove, the loaves will be perhaps ready for the baking-fire to be built. This bread will be sweet and tender, and very good.

We learned another "better way" that we think many a perplexed housewife will be glad to hear. For a dozen years we almost regretted that we had a cellar at all. It was not cool, and the air was foul, and we spent a great deal of time endeavoring to learn why our cellar should prove simply an annoyance, a burden added to our every-day cares. It was too damp; the great, sweaty drops trickled down the beautiful stone walls, and the green and gray mould crept over the barrels and jars, and the tables had to be washed daily. We used copperas, and chloride of lime, and ammonia, and all kinds of purifiers, but still it was a damp, noisome hole in the ground that we disliked and dreaded most grievously, regarding it as a calamity almost.

One who is called good authority—one in whom we had implicit faith—had written of cellars and diseases that emanate therefrom: "And that cellars may be aired, and that constantly, let at least two opposite windows be open in the summer-time, with a current of air passing out at one of them," etc.

This sounds well on paper, really wise and old mannish, and careful, and just the kind of talk

that would make the Johns say to their wives, as they scanned them with an inventory expression in their pursed-out mouths and uplifted eye-brows: "There, now, mother, hear what Dr. Spook says about cellars; he knows. I knowed all along that our cellar ortn't to smell; and I wonder you didn't find it out yourself."

That was the sentence that threw us off the track when we were sniffing about and trying to learn the secret of having a cool cellar in midsummer. We aired ours valiantly. The thievish mould crept over the washing-machine, and the tubs, and the walls dripped, and an odor as of caves or old wells filled the air, and we quite despaired of making useful and healthful that great cavernous chamber which had cost almost one hundred dollars.

At that time we were buying our butter at the provision store in Pottsville, and one hot midday when the mercury was among the nineties, we asked Charlie how he managed to keep butter so well in his cellar. He said he never succeeded in doing so until that present summer.

"Why don't you think I never understood how to manage my cellar before; it was my own fault!" said he, looking really ashamed of himself.

We told him how ours was, and with a little twinkle of his eyes he asked if we ventilated it sufficiently.

"Think we do, too!" was the eager response. "Why we take the windows out in May, and never put them in till October or later, and we let the door stand open half the time, and we never keep any soap, or grease, or old unnecessary barrels or boxes in it; and, Charlie, that cellar, with all our watchfulness, just drips like an old cave and moulds terribly!"

At this Charlie took a goodly laugh, and then said: "Ah, that's it! The old story—too much ventilation. Go home and put in the windows, and close both doors, and never leave them open at all only an hour or so very early in the morning when the air is cool, or, all night, if the night is unusually cool. You may dissolve a half pound of copperas in hot water, and scatter it around over the ground and in the corners, but be sure that you do not allow a window out, nor a door open in the day time, after the cool freshness of the morning is gone."

And then Charlie told us the philosophy of it, and we wondered why we did not think, and observe, and find out for ourself. Since then we have cold butter in midsummer, the pat or slice of butter retaining its shape perfectly while on the table. This is very gratifying.

Sometimes in exceedingly warm weather we have been troubled about milk souring when we wanted plenty of cream for puddings, berries or sauces, but we have succeeded finally in overcoming this difficulty. We have several pint and quart flasks and bottles with new, tightly-fitting corks. In the morning we skim the night's milk, and with a funnel pour it into a bottle, cork close and sink it in a large jar of fresh, cold water, make it go down to the bottom of the jar, and this will save until it is used. The morning's milk can be skimmed in the evening and kept the same way. Special care must be taken in keeping the bottles and corks perfectly sweet, and pure, and free from taint. Those who keep but one cow will find this a very good plan.

One of the lessons that women are very slow to learn is this one of keeping cellars cool. Just as soon as we found it out we sent a note to Sister Jones, and told her to tell Sister Fisher, and keep on telling all the farmers' wives until they all knew of it. The first time we met Sister Jones, she said: "I got your note, but, lawful suz! who can mind it! I never thought to open our'n till most noon, sometimes, and then I'd forgit to shet it at

night, and so I just quit tryin'." Another woman said she'd "never knowed any other way than the way granny used to do—ventilate all summer, an' take the consequences." Yes, well, some people would as lief use a spoon for a butter-knife, but the deacon's family are glad to learn a better way than the unseemly, provoking one that is the result of over-much ventilation, and the foul cellar in consequence.

PIPSEY POTTS.

## Record of Christian Charity.

### THE PHILADELPHIA HOME FOR INFANTS.

**A** GAIN we call the attention of our readers to this important charity, one appealing most forcibly to the sympathies of all. We are pleased to record the continued success of the institution, and speak in most favorable terms of the noble work it has accomplished.

The principal event of this year has been the dedication of the new building, corner of Westminster Avenue and Markoe Street, West Philadelphia.

So, at last, in the words of Mrs. Franklin Bacon, the honored president, "the dear little babies have a home of their own."

The history of their removal is briefly this. Mr. Thomas W. Price, a prominent architect of this city, whose heart has always gone out in love toward little children, and who has, for several years been interested in, and a contributor to the Home, gave the first and chief aid toward the possession of a building by the donation of a piece of ground. Upon the condition that the house be erected within the year, and a certain sum of money be subscribed toward it, the managers were offered a lot one hundred by hundred and twenty-five feet, in a desirable location in West Philadelphia. Through their untiring energy, they were enabled to fulfill these requirements, and by the last of June, the new building was commenced. It is now finished and occupied. All who have seen it, unite in extolling its neat, substantial appearance, and its perfect adaptability to its purposes. The house is of brick, with stone trimmings, built at the moderate cost of fifteen thousand dollars. The Home, however, is not yet entirely free from debt, and so commends itself as a most proper object for substantial aid.

A contribution of one hundred dollars will support a child through an entire year. We spoke before of the "Memorial Crib," endowed in this manner by Mr. and Mrs. John Struthers, in the name of their little daughter, Alice. Are there not others who will thus perpetuate the memory of the dead, or, better, express hearty thanks for the prosperity of the living?

The past year has been one of general good health among the little ones. They spent the hot months at the Summer Home at Ocean Park, and received the usual benefit from their sojourn at the sea-shore. Fifty children were admitted during the year; thirteen deaths have occurred, and eight of the little ones have been adopted.

Among the valuable gifts from friends of the institution, we mention the bequest of a house, by

Mr. George Johnson; and a legacy of one thousand dollars, from Mary Hoopes, of West Chester.

Before closing, we would like to speak a word on behalf of the nurses. As the babies require their entire attention, they are kept more closely than ordinary servants. On their account, the managers feel the need of a suitable library—they have a book-case, but nothing in it. Gratefully would be acknowledged the gift of any books for this purpose.

We strongly urge upon all who are able, to visit the Home. Those who do so can scarce fail to become deeply interested. The Lancaster Avenue and the Race and Vine Streets cars pass within two squares.

Mrs. Franklin Bacon, No. 1933 Chestnut Street, is president of The Philadelphia Home for Infants; Mrs. John Mustin, No. 3908 Spruce Street, vice-president; Mrs. Enoch Remick, No. 924 N. Second Street, recording secretary; Miss Lucy T. Price, No. 1809 Mt. Vernon Street, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Philip G. McCollin, No. 3033 Chestnut Street, treasurer. There is a board of managers composed of thirty ladies, an advisory committee, of six gentlemen, and a board of physicians, of four. Any contributions may be sent to Mr. Clarence H. Clark, No. 35 S. Third Street.

### THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

**A** NOTHER organized body of the friends of the poor, the innocent and the helpless, is the "Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty." It aims to interpose the shield of its authority between the persecutors of childhood and their defenseless victims—to regulate the perverted power of the strong over the weak.

Though this society has existed only three years, it has already been instrumental of good in upwards of thirteen hundred cases. Its work has been of a varied character, dealing with neglect, starvation, desertion, beating, sending little ones out to beg, compelling them to work beyond their strength, and the like. While the managers feel it a delicate matter to interfere between parent and child, master and apprentice, and so have given every case an impartial and thorough hearing, they have still never overlooked the object for which the society was founded—the protection of the suffering. Among the most interesting features to be noted in a visit to the office, is an assortment of whips, clubs, straps and other instruments



of torture, taken from brutal parents and guardians, and a collection of photographs of abused children.

The Temporary Home, under the immediate control of the society, is designed to provide a shelter for a few weeks to the little beneficiaries, until otherwise disposed of. The many other Homes of the city have aided its work materially by the intelligent co-operation of their respective managers in receiving those in need.

Perhaps the most efficient work of all accomplished by the society consists in its inspiring a terror of the law in the breast of those otherwise fearless in the abuse of their power. The publicity given by the association and the press to every case may well serve as a warning. Besides, it has helped to create an enlightened public sentiment respecting the positive rights of children. The society preaches a most forcible temperance sermon, as, in the words of the secretary, "at least ninety per cent. of the cruelty and neglect of children are distinctly traceable to liquor."

From the many interesting cases given in the society's Report, we copy the following:

No. 1050. *July 21st.*—A complaint is received that Mrs. D. cruelly beats her step-son, seven years of age. She has been known to whip him with a leather strap at least a dozen times a day. The neighbors fear the child will be rendered an idiot by the constant abuse he is receiving. They also inform that the father of the boy is either ignorant of such cruelty or will not believe the reports which are circulated. A letter was addressed to the father calling his attention to the complaint which we had received, intimating that if this cruelty were continued he would be held responsible for it. From subsequent developments, it was shown that the letter was intercepted by the wife, and fresh fuel added to her passion. She was accordingly arrested and fined for the offense, and held to bail for her future good treatment of the poor child. The father also promised to give personal attention to see that there was no future abuse.

No. 1270. *November 6th.*—Complaint reaches us of the abuse and neglect of several small children by their parents. Both of them are hard drinkers. They have been under the eye of our agent for some time past. The children themselves, and the neighbors likewise, evidently are concealing, through fear, much that is known to them. Finally, however, one of the sons, encouraged by offers of protection, calls at the office and reveals a state of affairs which is appalling. Only a few days since, the woman removed the shoes from the feet of the youngest boy, five years of age; pawned them for drink. Maddened with this, she inflicts a severe blow upon the child's face, by which his eye is severely cut; he is thrown down and kicked. At another time she took the babe by its heels and held its face near a hot fire; and when remonstrated with on account of such cruelty, she threatened to "dash its brains out." The husband is equally hard and unfeeling. Several of the children were unmercifully beaten with a "herder's whip," a villainous-looking weapon, until blood was brought from each of them. This instrument is now in the possession of the society. These people were arrested and convicted of the charges preferred against them, and sent to the House of Correction. The two youngest children were placed in the custody of

the society, one of whom was committed to St. John's Orphan Asylum. The infant was placed in St. Vincent's Home for Children.

No. 1253. *October 25th.*—T. J. C., one of the officers of the collector of this port, states a case of hardship and cruel exposure of a small boy, aged thirteen years, who was sent aloft on an English ship lying at the wharf; he was very thinly clad, with bare arms and no shoes or stockings. He was sent aloft to unfurl the sails; the weather was quite cold, wind blowing, and the sheets frozen. The poor little fellow was so thoroughly benumbed as to be unfit to execute the task; neither could he descend without serious danger of falling. His cries attracted the attention of men on the neighboring vessels and on the wharf. A man was sent aloft to assist him in his descent. By this time quite a crowd gathered on the wharf to protest against such hardship and cruel exposure. The case was represented to the acting British consul of this port, before whom the mate of this vessel, under whose orders the boy was acting, was summoned. A thorough examination was had on three successive hearings. The result was, the mate was reprimanded, and the testimony forwarded to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, for a committee of that body to take such action as they may deem proper. The boy was furnished with warm clothing by the consul, and taken in charge by him, to be returned to Liverpool.

No. 1066. *July 25th.*—Information of a reliable character is received of the utter neglect of four small children by a drunken mother. They are left without any one to care for them. One of her children was recently run over and killed. She recovered about two hundred dollars damages for this accident, the whole of which was immediately squandered in drink. Upon investigation, there were no beds in the house; the children lay upon straw sprinkled over the floor; the woman was beastly intoxicated, the whole family covered with vermin and dirt. The woman was arrested and placed in the House of Correction for ninety days, and the children removed to the Children's Asylum.

No. 905. *May 5th.*—Kate S., a domestic employed in one of the Philadelphia Homes for Children, brings to our notice a case of unreasonable and cruel corporal punishment of an orphan child fourteen years of age, by the superintendent of the institution. She was an eye-witness of the occurrence, which she characterized as "pitiable to behold," and "outrageously cruel." An officer was promptly dispatched to investigate what appeared to be, on the face, a case of more than usual importance. There was also one feature in it which added an unusual and somewhat peculiar interest to it, viz., that the presidency of this Society and that of this "Home" were filled by the same individual. The facts of the case were rigidly investigated at the Institution, and the person of the child examined. There had been no exaggeration of the story. She was immediately brought to the office of the Society, when fifty distinct cuts of the rattan used on her were counted; the back, neck and arms all bore evidence of a severe flagellation. The only offense alleged was a disobedience of some trivial order of the superintendent (Rev. Charles F. Kuhnle by name), which, when examined into, showed that the poor child had been removed from the task given her by the superin-



tendent, to perform some other service ordered by the matron, at which she was engaged when she was unexpectedly attacked and overwhelmed by his cruel blows. He was at once arrested. He admitted the offense; said he was in anger, and had no excuse to offer, and was prepared to accept any order of court; said the whipping was excessive. His only plea was that he had been provoked by the unruly conduct of the children. He was fined by the committing magistrate and permitted to depart.

This last case brings to mind the work of the similar society in New York, especially in bringing to light the inhumanities of the Rev. Cowley toward the poor orphans in the "Shepherd's Fold." In the case of Cowley, the evidence shows a man in the charge of a number of helpless, and,

for all practical purposes, friendless children, whom he habitually allowed to suffer from hunger, vermin and insufficient clothing. His punishments were frequent and severe, and it does not appear that pleasure of any sort formed an element in the daily life of the children intrusted to him; and but for the successful intervention of the New York Society, his so-called "Fold" might have continued in existence for years to come.

The office of the Philadelphia Society is at No. 1406 Chestnut Street, and it may be visited at any time. Hon. Daniel M. Fox, No. 508 Walnut Street, is president; Mr. Benjamin J. Crew, No. 1406 Chestnut Street, secretary; Mr. Henry M. Laing, No. 30 N. Tenth Street, treasurer. The board of managers consists of thirty-one gentlemen and fifteen ladies.

## Art at Home.

HOUSE decorations, like fashions in dress, vary with each season, and it would be impossible for most of us to follow every new freak in the matter of room ornamentation; nor would it be desirable; rather let us as far as possible make our apartments a reflex in a degree of our own individuality. Our parlor should be a room to live and be happy in, just as much as any other part of the house, but we could be neither happy nor comfortable in many of the drawing-rooms of to-day; those dark, gloomy boxes where the sun is never permitted to enter, lest the carpet fade; past whose closed doors the children glide noiselessly, as if the ghost of propriety kept guard over the stiff-backed chairs, and across whose threshold they are never permitted to step, except when mamma has company. It is a great mistake to keep the best we have for the transient guest, leaving the dear ones of our own household to take what is left.

Throw open your parlor windows, let in the sunshine; make it the brightest spot in all the house, from whose sunny atmosphere the little ones are only banished when they are naughty. Much can be done to beautify these home-rooms with very little trouble, and if care is taken to select materials for curtains and draperies that do not fade, the rooms will look the same from year to year. Curtains and draperies taken down in the spring and carefully packed away in camphor, will be ready for use again in the fall, and look fresh and new.

Discard by all means the muslin curtains; they soon grow soiled and flimsy, and never look so well after being laundered. In their place put curtains made of canton flannel; they will not soil, and will last for many seasons. Behind the clock on the mantelpiece, put a row of Japanese fans; they are rich and bright in color, and can be bought for a few cents apiece. You will be surprised to find how effective they are.

Old brass candlesticks, such as have been handed down to us from our grandmothers, make very pretty mantel ornaments.

In the narrow strip of passage which we dignify with the name of hall, there is little room for furniture. A good strong table (oak or walnut) and chair should be placed in the front entry. The hat-rack may be put as far out of sight as possible

in the back hall. The table will hold the hats, and the servant should relieve a caller of his coat before announcing him.

The following we clip from *The Art-Interchange*:

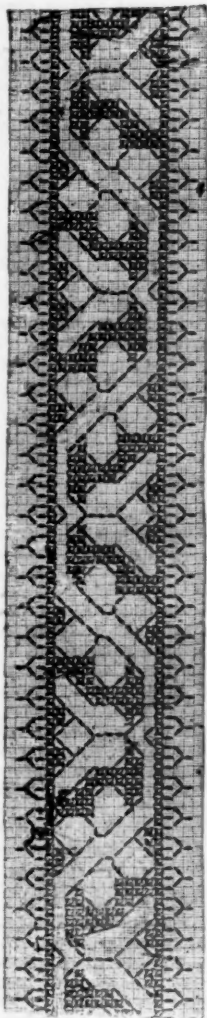
COVER FOR AN UPRIGHT PIANO.—No piece of needlework nowadays is more in fashion than a scarf or cover for the almost universal upright piano. This may be made of peacock-blue, diagonal serge, bordered with old-gold satin upon which peacock eyes are worked, the whole finished by a band of old-gold plush, fringed with tufts of combed-out crewels in the two shades. A piano-scarf of linen crash has been made, worked with a design of poppies springing from a border of maroon plush. Below this border, the ends of the scarf are finished with an inserting of Russian lace, another strip of the maroon plush, and a wide edging of the Russian lace.

RUST PREVENTIVE.—To preserve bright grates or fire-irons from rust, make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a fine brush smear it as thickly as possible all over the polished surface requiring preservation. By this simple means all the grates and fire-irons in an empty house may be kept for months free from harm without further care or attention.

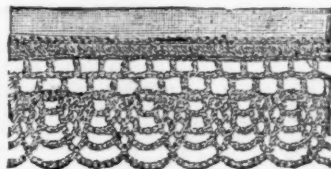
PERSONS who see the embroidery from the Royal Art School for the first time are usually astonished to find that the daisies are all crimson-tipped, seeming to think that Englishmen imitate Americans in calling a chrysanthemum a daisy. Burns's poem is forgotten, and the ladies almost insist on the substitution of the brown-centred, white-petaled field flower for the prim little garden blossom with its delicate blush and pretty primness.

CURTAINS.—Some very pretty and cheap curtains are made of canton flannel. The flannel can be bought for twelve cents a yard, and requires two widths for each side of the window. This in crimson-banded at top and bottom, with a strip of bright-flowered cretonne, gives a very rich effect. Better quality, double-faced canton flannel can be bought for seventy-five cents a yard. It is very wide, and will require but one width for each side of the window. These curtains, finished at the top with rods and rings, make as handsome, and often much more artistic curtains, than those made of more expensive material. This flannel comes in all colors.

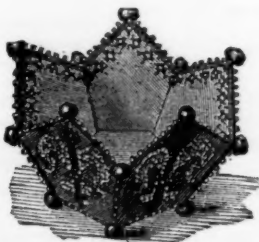
# Fancy Needlework.



BORDER: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.



CROCHET EDGING.



PIN-TRAY.



SHEATH FOR KNITTING-PINS.



COMB-CASE.—  
Fig. 2.



WORK-CASE.



STRIPE FOR COMB-CASE.—  
Fig. 1.

**COMB-CASE ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.** This little case is composed of two pieces of cardboard cut to the shape shown in No. 1. These are covered with silk, embroidered with satin stitch. Dark blue silk is used for the cover and gold color for the embroidery. The two pieces are neatly buttonholed together at the edges.

**WORK-CASE.**—This case is composed of Java canvas embroidered with three stripes in cording stitch with two shades of crewel. Cut a piece of canvas eight inches in breadth and fifteen inches in length; on this work the stripes, and line it with blue cashmere; shape one end as shown in the illustration. For the sides cut two circles of

canvas four and a half inches in diameter, line them, and sew the edges of the outside round them, leaving an opening at the top of two and a half inches; this will leave the shaped end of the outside to fold over. Sew a toulon lace about an inch and a half wide round the edge, and fasten the case with a button at the top.

**PIN-TRAY.**—This tray is composed of five sections of card-board, each measuring one and a third inches at the bottom, and two and three-quarter inches at the widest part. They are cut to a point as shown in the illustration. The bottom is a pentagon measuring one and three-quarter inches at each side. The outside is covered with crimson satin, ornamented with cross-stitch design; the inside is lined with gold-colored silk with a narrow, cross stitch border. The satin and silk are neatly seamed together over the card-board. The pieces are joined together at the sides. Small gold beads are sewn at the edge, and large ones at the points, and at the top and bottom of each joint.

**BORDER: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.**—This design is suitable as a border for doilya, table-covers, etc.; it is worked in cross and Italian stitch, with ingrain cotton or marking filoselle.

**CROCHET EDGING.**—Make a chain the length required:

1st Row. One treble into each stitch.

2d Row. One treble into a stitch, three chain, pass over three stitches, and repeat.

3d Row. One treble into second of three chain of last row, three chain, one treble into the top of last treble, one treble into the centre of next three chain, \* three chain, one single into the first of three chain, repeat from \* three times more. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

4th Row. One double separated by four chain under each of the loops of three chain of last row, two chain. Repeat.

5th Row. One double separated by five chain under each four chain of last row, five chain. Repeat.

6th Row. One double separated by five chain under each five chain of last row, seven chain. Repeat.

7th Row. One double under the five chain of last row, eight chain. Repeat.

**SHEATH FOR KNITTING-PINS.**—This little article is easily made, and will form a useful addition to the work-basket. Take two oakgalls, pierce a hole through each, making it large enough to hold the points of four pins; through these holes pass a white silk elastic, measuring about six inches, fasten at each end under a bow of ribbon, and tie another bow of ribbon in the centre of the elastic.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR MAY.

**D**RESSY costumes for street wear during the spring and early summer are made with a fancifully-cut surtout, or redingote, as it is also called, and a full, short skirt bordered with a thick, heavy ruche, or else a cluster of narrow pleatings. The fancy for Directoire styles has brought this undraped toilet into fashion, and it has also contributed the exaggerated revers collar and pockets which belong to the Directoire costumes. Brocade is chosen for the long coat, and either plain satin, silk of heavy quality, satin de Lyon, or velvet for the skirt. Single-breasted coats have the wide notched Directoire collar set on, while those with double breast have it cut as part of the coat. The skirt has four straight breadths, and a single gored breadth, which is in front. Black suits of this order are faced with satin, in any of the new shades, red, cream-color or heliotrope. The seams of the coat are left open below the waist-line to show the bright lining. Sometimes the skirt is trimmed to match, but is more frequently left plain. Fifteen yards of material will be found sufficient for one of these suits. In costumes of this order, next to black combined with any gay color, the favorite mode is to use cream, old-gold or red, with various shades of dark green.

Ladies who object to surtout suits because they are not used in the house, as many short dresses now are, have brocaded skirted coats of medium length, with plain silk or satin de Lyon skirts trimmed with brocade like the coat. Lengthwise trimmings of brocade are considered most effective,

such as an entire front breadth cut out in forked tongues at the lower edge, and made to rest there at the foot upon two or three fine knife-pleatings. A brocade panel revers on each side gore, showing facings of satin its whole length, is another design. In short, the fancy seems to be for folds of contrasting material, combined with shirring.

Turbans for spring are either hats or bonnets, according as strings are worn or not. They are worn farther back on the head than formerly. New turbans have the crown of chip or braid, with a puff of satin encircling it for a brim. Others are bordered with India muslin, in white, cream or the new heliotrope colors, combined with Languedoc lace and yellow flowers, such as jonquils and tea rose-buds. Black chip turbans will be trimmed with black grenadine, with velvet polka dots, relieved by a long, gold-headed pin.

There are bonnets composed entirely of black Spanish lace; cottage bonnets, edged with lace drooping over the hair; white bonnets with pearl, opal and gilt ornaments; gilt and silver laces, and laces in Turkey red colors; old creamy cashmere laces may be dyed red to trim calico or madras suits. Handkerchiefs of red or cream-colored twilled silk, embroidered, are used as crowns of Tuscan straw bonnets, and red or yellow plumes complete the trimming. New material for veils is net, dotted with yellow beads. Flowers will be used mostly on small bonnets, while feathers will appear on large ones.

New parasols exhibit every caprice in color. The materials are of changeable and foulard silks, and they are often trimmed with black and white Spanish lace, chenille and curled fringes. The

ribs, instead of being gilded as last year, are painted red, and show inside the lining, which, itself, is often red or yellow. Fanciful parasols are decorated with bows of ribbon, or a bunch of

artificial flowers on one gore, or are hand-painted. The handles are variously adorned with bugs, bees, beetles, etc., ornaments of enamel, or china, or painted carvings.

## Literary and Personal.

CANON FARRAR, the distinguished author and clergyman, is a man under forty-five years of age, of florid complexion and sanguine temperament. He is compactly built and under the medium height. He has a good voice, but reads like an untrained school-boy. As a preacher, the canon is somewhat verbose, but full of fascinating imagery. His delivery is earnest, rather rapid, sometimes vehement, but he makes no gestures.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON said lately: "My ancestry is made up of ministers; in my family the Bible is seen oftener than any other book in the hands of my wife and daughter. I think these facts tell my whole story. If you wish to call me a Christian theist, you have my authority to do so, and you must not leave out the word Christian, for to leave out that is to leave out everything."

TENNYSON is said to be worth a million dollars. A correspondent, who has lately seen him, says: "Nobody would suspect him for a poet now. His face is strong, and his eyes have a certain brightness, but he is seamed, rather than wrinkled, from forehead to chin; he appears to be puffy; he is partially bald; he stoops and shuffles; dresses ordinarily and carelessly, and has a generally rustic mien and denotement."

A WRITER in *The Argosy* gives the true history, from letters written from St. Petersburg in 1805, of the heroine of Mme. Cottet's "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia," which had a world-wide fame years ago. The young woman who actually walked from Siberia to St. Petersburg to beg the emperor to pardon her father, banished by his predecessor, was Pauline Luninova. The emperor pardoned her father and pensioned Pauline, but her constitution was broken by fatigue and exposure, and she died at twenty-five, after having been honored to the utmost degree by the grandees of the capital. She was amiable, sensible and modest.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe* gives a pleasant picture of Vinnie Ream's (Mrs. Hoxie's) home at the corner of Seventeenth

and K Streets: "When the bewitching little sculptor married, society wondered whether she would cast away her mallet and break up her molding-sticks or cling still to her art. It was considered impossible for her to fill the two rôles of housekeeper and modeler; but she has triumphantly carried one with the other, and merged the two. Her marriage with Lieutenant Hoxie has proved one of the happiest and most harmonious unions, and her last and greatest work, the statue of Farragut, has just gone from her hands. On Wednesday afternoons the artist is at home to her callers, and up-stairs and down-stairs the little lady flies, showing, explaining to and delighting them with the mysteries and trophies of her art. On Sunday evenings, Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie are at home for their friends to come and chat around their fireplace and enjoy with them the comforts and beauties of their new house. In her parlors white statues glow in the rosy twilight of her crimson curtains; Sappho, calm and pensive, scroll and stylus in hand, stands in one corner, and the West, an emblematic figure of a young girl, springs forward with the star of empire on her brow, and the broken arrows of her past cast behind her. Two laughing baby heads, in marble, are on the high oak chimney-piece; the hands of Mrs. Fremont and her daughter, one holding a pen, the other a rose, are on the table, and everywhere are scattered, like treasures, queer conceits and curios. A sketch of Doré's, with a pretty little dedication from him in his autograph, hangs on one side, and a portrait of Mrs. Hoxie, by Healy, smiles from the opposite wall. Queer brasses, bits of alabaster carving from Pisa, inlaid wood from Sorrento, a carved *priedieu* and silver lamps and censers from some dismantled convent, a golden harp that once belonged to an ancient family of France, with chubby cherubs kicking their heels at the top of the elaborate post, all add to the attractiveness of these rooms. In the studio below, all sorts of clayey and half-formed images are shrouded in damp cloths. A bust of General Custer attracts the most attention."

## Notes and Comments.

### The Power of a Good Example.

RIGHT precept and good example are both powerful. But with the greater number of people, too many of whom are only children of a larger growth, example has more influence than precept. Many bad social customs prevail, in spite of all right precept to the contrary, and continue to prevail until some one who holds a position of influence breaks through them and sets an example of reform, which is quickly followed

by numbers who were not independent enough to take the initiative themselves. A notable instance of this good example in a high place, is that set by Mrs. Hayes at the presidential mansion. A correspondent of one of our papers pleasantly refers, in the following extract, to the new order of things now prevailing there:

"On the avenue leading up to the White House, at Washington, there is a restaurant where liquor is sold. A sign is thrust out greeting the approaching visitor to the president, with the warn-



ing, "Your last chance!" As he returns from the White House, he is met by the words on the reverse side, "Your first chance again!"

"There is no end to the jokes Mrs. Hayes's strict temperance principles have called forth at Washington; but they are good-humored jokes, and the change which her example has wrought astonishes old habitués of that city. When she went into the White House, it was, of all mansions in the national capital, the one where liquor—good liquor and plenty of it—was considered an essential thing. Since the mansion was first built, the table had always been supplied with wine.

"When Mrs. Hayes declared pleasantly that she would not offer it to her guests, society stood aghast. 'The national honor was concerned.' A flood of remonstrance and ridicule followed. The subject was even broached in cabinet councils. Nevertheless, on her own table it has not appeared, nor is it ever offered in the White House.

"What is the consequence? Her conduct has reinforced the temperance movement, and has helped to make temperance fashionable. In Washington, New York and Philadelphia, on last New Year's Day, liquor was rarely seen in the houses of the best people. In such houses, too, it is now seldom offered at evening balls or parties, where only young men are invited.

"Mr. Augustus Sala comments on the singularly temperate habits of many of the fashionable Americans. 'A glass of ice-water is usually the only drink with which they wash down their dinners,' he says. 'I actually am afraid to call for a glass of beer while dining at my hotel, lest I may be regarded as a drunkard.'

"Few women have the influence of Mrs. Hayes, but every woman in her own town and village can control social opinion to some extent, and by banishing liquor from her own table and house can help to rid our country of its worst curse."

#### Everybody's Friend.

A WRITER in one of the daily papers gives a slight sketch of one of our social pests, whom he calls "Everybody's Friend." The portrait is so well drawn that every reader will recognize it.

"The friend of everybody drops in for a call; she talks about people instead of affairs, and all that she says is so guarded, tender, appreciative and sympathetic that it seems Heaven must have overlooked this creature so fitted for a celestial home. She knows every one's failings, to be sure, and describes them with critical accuracy; but quickly after the reluctant fault-finding comes such extreme praise, such unstinted admiration, that who can doubt that the visitor is everybody's devoted friend? Somehow, when she has gone, the residuum of her conversation wears a peculiar aspect. Why it is that the evil that people say lives after them, while the good hustles out of the parlor with the relator's skirts, is more than any one can explain; but the truth remains, and no one knows it better than the discreet visitor. The praise that has been spoken dissipates in thin air, and all the dreadful hints about flirtations, ignorance and vulgarity remain fixed and immovable. But by this time everybody's friend has forgotten the entire story; she is probably in the reception-room of the subject of her late romance, and

rhapsodizing over her late entertainer. The progress of civilization has made it unsafe to kill such people, or even to cut out their tongues; and yet to allow them to run at large is worse than to throw wide open the prison doors at Sing Sing. Perhaps an obstinate defense along the whole line of all persons traduced in the slightest degree would have a repressive effect, and force the obnoxious beings to confine themselves to each other's society—which would be as severe a punishment as any one could wish them."

#### Sorosis.

"JENNIE JUNE"—Mrs. D. G. Croly—has recently given an interesting account of the formation of this ladies' club, and the origin of its name. In 1868 the New York Press Club gave Charles Dickens a great dinner, to which several hundred gentlemen were invited, but no ladies. Mrs. Croly wanted to go to the dinner, and wrote to the committee for a ticket. Mr. Croly, James Parton and John Russell Young were members of the committee, and when the request of Mrs. Croly, backed by those of "Fanny Fern" (Mrs. Parton) and Mrs. C. H. Wilbour, was presented, it was, after much discussion, determined that if a good-sized delegation of women journalists asked for tickets they would be admitted. It was then too late for Mrs. Croly to gather together a sufficient number of her friends. An indignation meeting was held at the house of Alice and Phoebe Cary. Later, a meeting was held at which Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Anna Lynch Botta and Mrs. Henry M. Field were present. Some simple rules were drawn up, and the meeting adjourned to Delmonico's. At the second meeting, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, "Aunt Fanny" Barrow, Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, the poet's wife, and other well-known ladies, were present, but Mrs. Field, Mrs. Botta and "Fanny Fern" refused to have anything more to do with the association. Names were then suggested. Phoebe Cary suggested "Sphinx," Kate Field wanted "The Woman's League" and somebody else wanted "Blue Stocking." Mrs. Croly spent a night looking through the dictionary, and, finally, thinking of the Latin Soror, a sister, she took up a botanical dictionary and found Sorosis, a cluster of flowers on a fruiting tree. This name was accepted. At the next meeting, Miss Kate Field asked for a reconsideration, and her name, "The Woman's League," was adopted; but at a subsequent meeting this name was almost unanimously rejected, and Miss Field withdrew, and has not since associated with the Sorosisians. The name Sorosis is slightly vague and obscure, but as the ladies did not precisely know what their object was, they adopted it as being as good as any. Next came the appointment of a president, when Alice Cary was elected. After her death, Mrs. Croly was elected for a year; then Mrs. Wilbour was elected, served five years, and since then Mrs. Croly has been president. As to the aim of Sorosis, Mrs. Croly says: "Sorosis is not mixed up with the woman's rights question, but it is a social centre where women of intellectual tastes and literary tendencies can exchange thoughts. It has never had a public scandal of any kind; it is strong and thrifty, and I am sure that its influence is felt by all the better class of women in the city to be decidedly wholesome."